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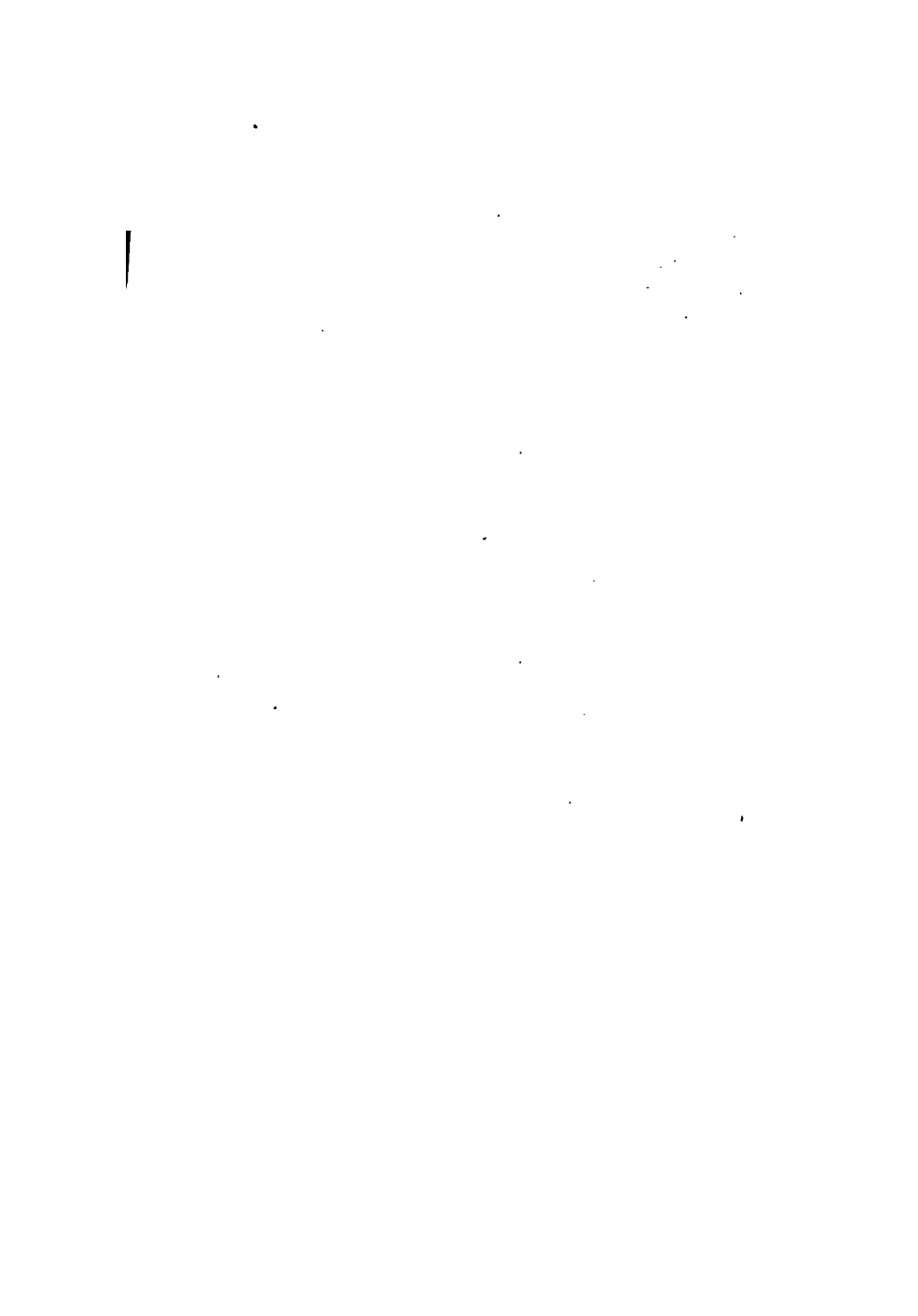


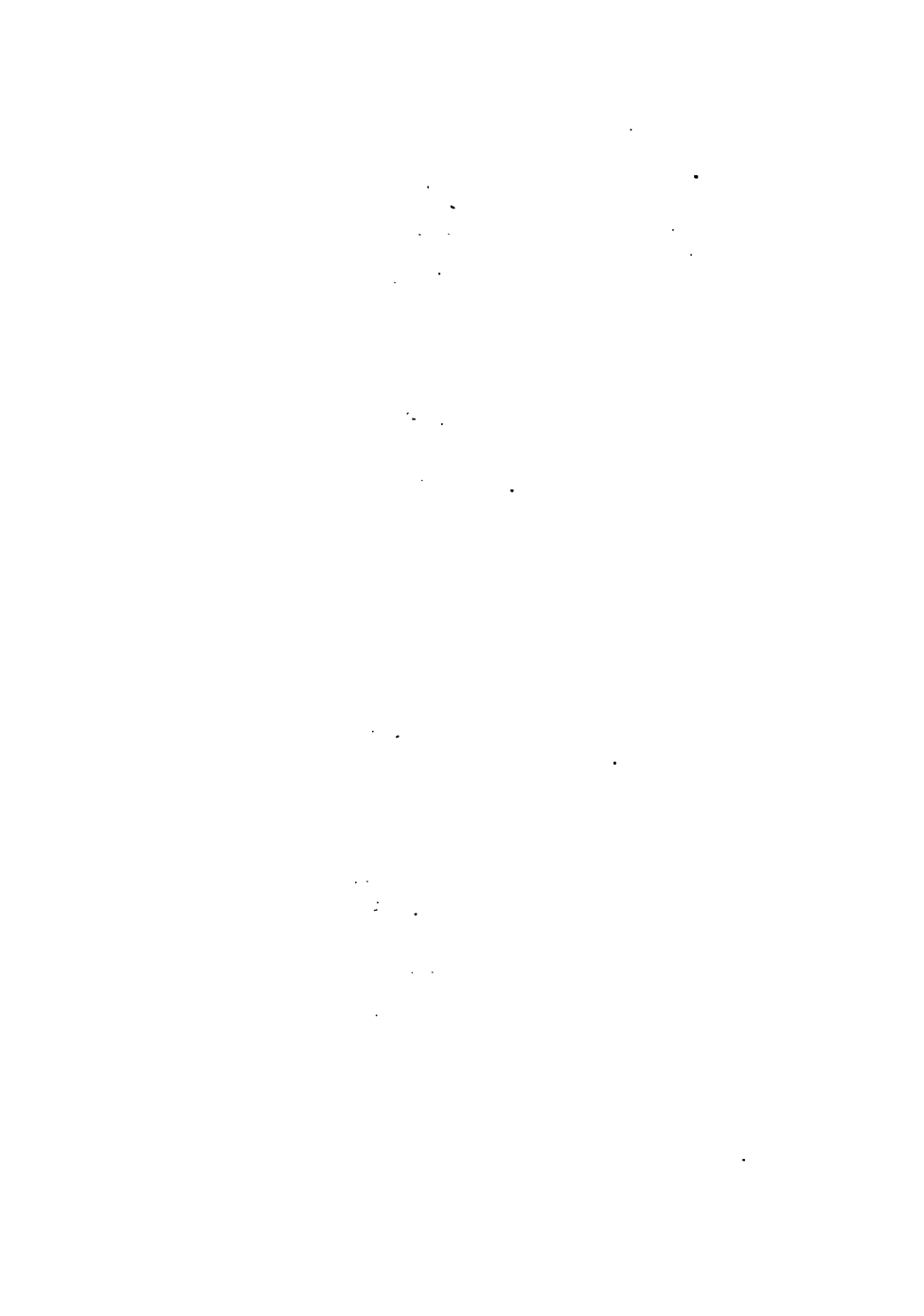


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Wednesday, 14 June 2006

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THE ASCENT OF VESUVIUS.—Page 86



HARRY BRIGHTSIDE;

OR,

The Young Traveller in Italy.

BY

AUNT LOUISA.



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G. J. FORMER, SAVVY STREET, STRAND.

P R E F A C E.

TO MY YOUNG READER,—

PERHAPS, as you read this book, you will sometimes say, “I wonder if it is all true?”

So I must tell you, that all the places visited in Italy, by Harry Brightside and his friends, I saw myself, in 1844-45, just as he saw them, with one or two exceptions, but he and his friends are all imaginary.

If you should ever take a similar tour, and suffer some inconveniences as he did, you must try and remember him, and make the best of them, and not only then, but every day try and look at the bright side of things, and also be more thankful than ever for the blessings enjoyed

in Protestant England, then I shall not have written about him in vain, and you will have the hearty good wishes of

AUNT LOUISA.

Braxton Hill,
May, 1851.

ERRATA.

- Page 34, line 8, *for Mrs. read Mr.*
— 46, — 2, *for his read her.*
— 90, — 14, *for Basia read Baiaæ.*
— 106, — 4, *for Mrs. read Mr.*
— 120, — 22, *for Cumæans read Cumæans.*
— 148, — 8, *for pick read pack.*
— 148, — 10, *for hem read them.*
— 178, — 26, *for any read many.*
— 190, — 22, *for descended read ascended.*

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Harry Brightside's birth and baptism—Goes to school—Starts for Italy—Arrives at Boulogne—Marseilles—Genoa—Explores the city—Leghorn—Pisa—Its cathedral, baptistery, and leaning tower—Steams away again, passing Corsica and Elba—Thunder-storm at sea—Civita Vecchia—Naples *Page 1*

CHAPTER II.

Moves into lodgings—Letter from Mrs. Hugh Vernon—First Sunday in Naples—Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson and their children call—Mrs. H. Vernon, Mary, and Hugh arrive—Sunday Bible reading—Puzzuoli, its temple and amphitheatre—Street of tombs—The Solfatara—Church of the Capuchins—The miracle of St. Januarius's blood—Mrs. Ferguson invites the children to tea *31*

CHAPTER III.

Evening at Mr. Ferguson's—Donald Campbell—Cabinet of curiosities—Game of charades—Villa Rocca Romana—Sea-dog and butterfly-fish—Harry goes to study with Mr. Ferguson—Museum of Naples—Pompeian relics, &c. 51

CHAPTER IV.

Picnic to Bay of Baia—Ruins of palace of Julius Cæsar—Baths of Nero—Cape Misenum—Account of the destruction of Pompeii—The ascent of Vesuvius determined upon—Tomb of Agrippina—Lunch—Lakes of Lucrine—Avernus and Agnano—Grotto del Cane—Mosquitoes—Grotto of Posilipo—Virgil's tomb . 68

CHAPTER V.

Edith's birthday—Ascent of Vesuvius—Edith's fall—Mr. Hugh Vernon arrives—Bagpipes—Christmas presents to the king—Christmas Eve—Christmas Day—Representation of the Nativity in a Jesuit church 83

CHAPTER VI.

Visit to Pompeii—Railroad—Cotton-fields—Villa of Diomedes—Street of tombs—Sentry-box—Lunch and sketching match—Baths—Forum—Temple of Venus—Amphitheatre—Harry sorts his relics—Ride to Cumæ—Grotto of the Sibyl—Violets
105

CHAPTER VII.

Herculaneum—Twelfth night—A visit from the Neapolitan Sibyl—Pictures—The “Formidable”—Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Vernon leave Naples—Explanation of the Sibyl—Museum scrolls of Papyri—Statue of Aristides 123

CHAPTER VIII.

Farewell visits—Villa Reale—Temples of Pæstum—Salerno—Ferry—Ruins—Evening at Mr. Ferguson’s—Game in the garden—Packing up—Leave Naples—Mola di Gaeta—Villa of Cicero—Terracina—Pontine marshes—Appii Forum—Cisterna, or the Three Taverns—Albano—Rome 140

CHAPTER IX.

The Capitol—Church of Ara Coeli and its doll—Flight of steps—The Forum—Arch of Titus—Coliseum—St. Peter’s—Pantheon—Church of St. Paul—St. Paul’s letter—Palace of the Cæsars—Mr. Montague—Nero’s golden house—Vatican—Catacombs—Church of St. Augustine—Miraculous image of the Virgin Mary 156

CHAPTER X.

Letters from Colonel Vernon and Naples—Mr. and Mrs. Montague call—Palm Sunday in St. Peter’s—Good Friday—Illumination of St. Peter’s—Fireworks—Tomb of Cecilia Metella—Fountain of Egeria—Tomb of the Scipios—Sack of frogs—Harry’s birth-day—Tivoli—Lago di Tartaro—Lake

Solfatara—The falls—Birth-day presents—The Inquisition— Church of Santa Croce—Pilate's staircase—Mamertine prisons —Tarpeian rock—Vatican—St. Peter's—Gibson—Statue of Pompey—Leave Rome 181
---	---------------

CHAPTER XI.

Civita Castellana—Terni—Clitummus—Perugia—Etruscan tomb—Thrasimene—Battle-field—Arezzo—Cathedral—Flo- rence—Flower girl—Bellosguardo—Galileo and Milton—Pa- lazzo Vecchio—Convent tale of horror—Pictures in palace— Procession of donkey—Bologna—Ferrara—Padua—Venice— Hotel and ferry—Campanile—Galileo—Clock—Isola Lido— Piazzo St. Marco 206
--	---------------

CHAPTER XII.

Doge's palace—Bridge of Sighs—Rialto—Arsenal—Cathedral— Galileo—Hall of Padua—Antenor—Verona—Amphitheatre— Lago di Garda—Milan—Cathedral—Tomb of St. Carlo Borro- meo—Sunday service in hotel—Fresco painting—Ascend Cathedral—Como—Row on the lake—Madame Pasta—Letter from Mrs. Ferguson—Leave by steamboat—Disembark at Colico—Chiavenna—Silk worms—Splügen Pass—Fall of the Medissima—Hotel at the summit—Via Mala 231
---	---------------

HARRY BRIGHTSIDE.

CHAPTER I.

HARRY BRIGHTSIDE VERNON was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, of Belmont, near York.

We must only give a slight sketch of his early life, as the principal object of this book, is to describe a tour he enjoyed in Italy when eleven years old.

The name of Brightside was given to him for this reason. Mr. Vernon had a very dear sister, of the name of Mary. She died at the age of eighteen, some months before Harry was born. From a child she had been so accustomed to look at the bright side of things, so anxious to make all around her happy, that by some of her family she was called "Mary Brightside," others nicknamed her "the Sunbeam," for she seemed to bring joy

and gladness everywhere ; others preferred calling her " the Skylark," for though very fond of her home on earth, her thoughts, and hopes, and joys, seemed ever soaring heavenward.

But the name by which she was most familiarly known was Mary Brightside.

She died after six days illness, " So happy," as she often said, " in the thought of being with Jesus, in His own sinless, and glorious home ; that she begged none around to weep for her as dead, when she was gone, but to rejoice with her, and for her, as alive for evermore."

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon did thus rejoice, but their loss was very great, and every one who knew her felt that one was taken from them, whose place could never be filled up again.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon determined, when Harry was born to name him Brightside, after this dear Aunt Mary, whom he could never know on earth. When he was five weeks old, therefore, on a lovely Sunday afternoon in May, he was taken to the village church to be baptized : and there in the presence of a large congregation enlisted as a soldier of Christ. Many a true prayer went up to God in that solemn service, that he might fight manfully under Christ's banner, and when, as he lay quietly in the clergyman's arms, and the name of the child was asked, his godmother, in a clear

tone, which was heard by all present, said " Henry Brightside ; " a thrill of deep interest touched all hearts, for his sweet Aunt Mary seemed to speak to them in that baby boy, and a full burst of prayer went up to God, that he might prove such a blessing to others as she had been.

In the evening as the baby lay asleep in its cradle, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon knelt by the side, and long and fervently did he pray, that his boy might not only look at the bright side of things on earth, but be led by them to the far brighter things of heaven.

When he was seven years old, his parents decided he should go as a day boarder to a school in York ; where there were several other boys about his age ; for though he had been a very attentive pupil to his mamma, she thought it would be far better for him to have some playfellows and companions in his lessons.

On a Saturday afternoon his mamma used generally to attend the evening service at York Minster, and as this was a special treat to Harry, he was glad to find that his going to school did not prevent it. One of these Saturday afternoons in September, four years after Harry first went to school—the sun was beginning to set most gloriously, and the beautiful old Minster had so caught its rays, that it was quite illuminated by

the golden light. Harry entered it with his mother—more than ever struck with its beauty. The anthem too was one of exulting praise, and as the lessons were read, and Harry thought what a different book the Bible was to any other, he felt very happy, remembering what a good thing it was to be born in England, for his mamma had been talking about other countries on their way. As soon as they had left the cathedral he told his mamma what had been in his thoughts.

“ Well Harry, I have been thinking so too,” was his mamma’s reply, and she spoke to him of the blessings which the Bible had spread over our Protestant land, and then to Harry’s great surprise told him, that his father had that morning determined to spend the next winter in Italy. Harry clapped his hands for joy, having often wished to go there, and by this time they were out in the fields, he capered about, and quite shouted, because he felt so happy. As they stopped again to look at the cathedral, he asked his mamma, if they would see any so beautiful as that in Italy?

She told him the Roman Catholics were very proud of their churches, and justly so, but she did not think even St. Peter’s at Rome would give them half the pleasure their own Minster did, for there was something in the showy services of

• the Church of Rome, so unlike the religion of Jesus Christ, that however much they might admire the buildings she felt sure it would make them sad.

When Harry reached home he ran into the library to talk with his papa about Italy. He was then told, they were to start in a fortnight, and though Mr. Vernon regretted his lessons should be thus interrupted, he hoped Harry would determine to study with his papa.

The next Monday morning, Harry quite astonished his schoolfellows, by telling them of the great treat he had in store. One exclaimed, "Why you will see Vesuvius;" another, "and Virgil's tomb, how I should like to learn my Virgil there!"

"Yes," said Harry, "and Rome! only think of being in Rome! I shall take 'Arnold's History of Rome' with me, and find out all the spots he mentions, and walk in the forum, and see the Palace of the Cæsars, and the Coliseum."

And then all the boys shouted "Hurrah!" and all wished they were going too.

Harry found it a hard matter to attend to his lessons, but he was determined to keep up the good character he had gained for attention and obedience, so he would not look round at any of the boys, but fixed his eyes on his books.

He left school two days before they left England that he might have time to pack up. Different friends called to say good-bye, and to those who felt interested in their route, Mr. Vernon showed it them on the map, and one of them greatly pleased Harry by giving him, as a parting present, a pocket map of Italy.

The journey to London delighted Harry, for he felt that they had really started on their travels; but alas, what a contrast a few hours brought him. They sailed from London in a large steamboat, in the middle of the night; and at first they all slept quietly enough in their berths, but all at once Harry began to dream very uncomfortably, something about rolling down a steep hill, and then he woke, feeling so sick and ill, that he very soon came to the conclusion he should not like to be a sailor. He was very bad for four hours—then feeling rather better, his mamma consented to his going on deck. So he dressed himself as fast as he could, for every now and then the vessel rolled about so much that he had either to run for it all across the cabin, or cling to anything that would bear him. Though he still felt very uncomfortable he laughed heartily at some of his mishaps. His papa helped him up the stairs, and as the sea was now becoming calmer, they both walked up and down the deck,

but the motion of the vessel was too great still to continue it long. He felt very sick, and in the hurry of sitting down only noticed some cloaks on the seat; but to his dismay, something moved under him, and gave a groan; up he jumped, when a gentleman's pale face appeared from under the wrappers. He smiled when he saw Harry's look of dismay, and asked him to remember he was not a cushion. Harry begged his pardon, and they both laughed as heartily as they could, considering that both felt rather bad. By-and-bye Boulogne appeared in sight, and as soon as they stepped on to the pier Harry's troubles seemed over. His mamma found the walk very fatiguing, for she had been worse than any of them in the voyage. Harry was so sorry to see her look ill, and ran on first to try and find a seat. He saw one about half way down the pier, and came running back to tell his mamma of it, "and then," he said, "You know, dear mamma, if you can rest a little perhaps you will not mind the walk being so long, for it will warm us capitally as we are all shivering now."

"That's right, my boy!" said Mr. Vernon; "when any trouble or annoyance comes, try and find some good in it."

After showing their passports, they got into a carriage, and drove to the hotel.

It was quite amusing to them all to see the poor people walking about in wooden shoes, and all talking French so fast.

After dinner, Harry and his papa walked up to the ramparts, or city walls, as they are sometimes called, and quite enjoyed the view from them.

The next morning they started early, and for five days travelled as fast as they could, through France to Marseilles. Here, for the first time, they saw the Mediterranean Sea ; and as they sat at the window of their hotel, and watched its beautiful clear blue waters, Mr. Vernon reminded his boy of how many countries its waves broke upon. Spain, France, Sardinia, Italy, Turkey, Greece, Syria and the Holy Land, Egypt, and Africa.

"How I should like to go with it to all these countries !" exclaimed Harry.

Mrs. Vernon smiled, saying, "But who was so sea-sick, and had such bad dreams ?"

"And who was so bad that he must needs sit down on a poor unfortunate gentleman for a soft warm seat ?" added Mr. Vernon.

Harry laughed, and replied, "But it does not follow, papa, that because I was ill once at sea, I am always to be so."

"Ah, well," said Mr. Vernon, "to-morrow will prove you."

Very early in the morning Harry jumped out of

bed to see if the sea was rough ; it looked rather so ; and his heart misgave him. " However," he thought to himself, " after pain comes pleasure. How I enjoyed the walk along Boulogne Pier ! I will hope for the best."

None of the party much enjoyed their breakfast ; and there lay the steamboat in the harbour, hissing and puffing away, as if it wished to remind everybody it was going to do great things. So Harry thought, as he looked at it ; and when he found himself really on her deck, he thought too it would be an admirable invention if some one could make a vessel that would not rock on the sea.

For two long days he had to bear its tossing, often wishing the Mediterranean were as pleasant to be upon, as it was to look at.

At last he was roused from a very uncomfortable sleep by his papa's voice, " Italy, my boy ! Genoa is in sight !" but he could not move till the vessel entered the harbour ; then it was calm, and when he got on deck, he was greatly surprised. The houses were quite unlike those in England, and so large and grand ; and then the people on the quay were dressed so differently too,—all the women in white muslin or lace veils, and no bonnets, and with very pretty white aprons. They went to an hotel, although the vessel was to remain

only one night. In the afternoon they quite enjoyed a drive. The streets are so narrow that there is only just room for two carriages to pass, and in some of them no room for carriages at all; and yet in these very streets are the most magnificent palaces, belonging to different noblemen.

Mr. Vernon reminded Harry that Genoa is called "A city of palaces;" and added, that as he found one belonging to Prince Doria was open to the public, they would visit it. They soon drove up to the door, and all the party were delighted with the noble rooms; the ceilings all beautifully painted, and the walls too, and both looking as gay as colour and gilding could make them. But what charmed Harry most was the garden. First of all they came out on a terrace overlooking the Bay of Genoa, with many a white sail skimming along over its blue waters; then the pier and its lighthouse; then, far away to the right, a long range of mountains called the Maritime Alps, and all bounded by the glorious sea!

From this terrace was a flight of steps into the garden, where they saw orange trees with their green and ripe fruit, and the sweet scented white blossoms, all on the same trees. These, and the cyprus, with its dark sombre green, growing on either side of the walks, formed a beautiful contrast in their foliage; there were vases, and sta-

tues, and fountains in different directions. All this made it quite unlike anything Harry had seen before. No one lived in the palace. Prince Doria, to whom it belonged, never coming to look after it; so that both the house and garden had a desolate appearance.

"How different it would look, would it not, mamma," said Harry, "if we lived here? what gay beds of flowers we would have, and how proud our gardener James would be of his garden, for he said to me before we left home, he did not believe we should see finer flowers, or a prettier garden in Italy than we have at Belmont."

Just then they came to a grotto, but, sad to say, it was in so ruinous a state, it was not safe to enter. Near it was a monkey, which jumped about expecting them to give him something. Harry and Mr. Vernon searched their pockets in vain. Mrs. Vernon said the only thing she had was a piece of gum, which she gave him; but poor Mr. Monkey soon found it stuck his teeth together, and he made such wry faces, and tried so hard to get it out of his mouth, that all the party laughed heartily, and the monkey grinned away to see the amusement he gave them.

As they left the palace, or palazzo, as it is called in Italian, they noticed another garden opposite, which belongs to the Prince. Here the vines

were trained over Corinthian columns, the graceful architecture of which formed a beautiful support to the clinging branches, with their rich clusters of purple fruit. The vines were festooned from one column to another, and as this was the first time Harry had seen the grapes of Italy, he was delighted enough, especially when the gardener came forward, and offered him a bunch, which proved very sweet and refreshing to them all.

Mr. Vernon wished to see something of the fortifications, so he ordered the coachman to drive to the outer wall, for Genoa has three walls; the first is nearly ruinous, the second was built as the city grew in extent, but the third has strong fortifications, and is seven miles in circumference. You can trace it, crowning hill after hill. Harry at once thought of the walls of his own city York, which he so liked to walk upon.

"But, papa," he said, "why is it that London and the large towns in England have not such walls as these?"

"Is not England an island, Harry?" said Mr. Vernon. "Here an enemy can march troops from France or Austria easily enough, but it is not quite so easy to find vessels to carry troops to attack old England. Remember the Spanish Armada; how God interfered for us there, and let

us be thankful, my boy, for our island home. York, you know, was much more exposed to danger than London, at the times of the Picts and Scots, and the border wars too. You remember, in the Museum gardens, part of the old Roman wall which used to surround our fine city, is still to be seen ; and no wonder, the Romans felt it necessary to have such a means of defence, when they had no right to be in England at all. They were always accustomed too to fortify their towns, as we shall see as we travel further in Italy."

"O yes, papa," said Harry ; "I can hardly yet believe we really are going to Rome itself ! How little I thought I should so soon be there, when, in our midsummer holidays, I often went with you to our Museum of Roman antiquities ; and don't you remember those two gold chains, which were afterwards sent to the British Museum in London, they were dug up near York, you told me, and we fancied they might belong to the Emperor Severus ; for I don't forget he died at York. I think the old Romans in Italy must have been sorry their emperor was not buried in Rome."

"Perhaps they were," said Mr. Vernon ; "but I do not fancy they loved their emperor as we love our own Queen."

"No, papa, but there never was such a Queen as ours before, I'm quite sure."

"You are indeed quite right, Harry, but we must remember the Romans were a very wonderful people,—more powerful than any others that ever lived ; and though they had many cruel and wicked sovereigns, still the same qualifications for ruling them were not needed as those for ruling us ; so we must admire their wonderful enterprise and perseverance, for no difficulty seemed too great for them to overcome."

The carriage now stopped ; it had been ascending a long hill, and the coachman, pointing to the splendid view around, with a bright smile said, "*Genova la Superba !*"

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Vernon ; "it is well called '*La Superba* ;' for this is the most superb city I have ever seen ;"—and then he talked for some time in Italian with the coachman, who seemed proud enough of his native place.

Mrs. Vernon said she should like to get out of the carriage and walk about to enjoy the view. They all stood silently admiring the calm beauty of the scene. The city is built in the form of a crescent, the harbour forming the centre. There were vessels of different nations safely at anchor ; while one fine large ship in full sail, was just entering the harbour, and seemed to give life to the scene.


Harry remembered that his mamma intended to press some flowers, as relics of Italy, so he quietly stole away to gather some.

He soon found a piece of germanda speedwell, and, running back, said, "Look here, dear mamma, is a flower for you, a regular English flower; would you like to press it to remember this beautiful view by, the flowers are just the colour of the bright blue Mediterranean."

"Yes, my Harry," said Mrs. Vernon, "and I shall remember you by it too; for it will be the first in my book, and its very name, 'speedwell,' is so suitable for the commencement of our tour in Italy."

They walked on up the hill, and soon came to a hedge of the prickly pear, as it is called, or common cactus. There are many such hedges in Italy; they look very peculiar, but not nearly so pretty as the hawthorn hedges of England.

They soon arrived at one of the forts, and very strong it looked, but no strangers were allowed to enter it. The road now turned off through a more cultivated part of the country. The olive tree grew in abundance, and was quite new to all the party. The silver green of the leaf made the trees look, as Mrs. Vernon said, as if they were seen by moonlight. Some of them were very old; for they grow and bear fruit to a great age. Everything seemed novel to Harry, and as



they still saw Genoa below them, entirely free from smoke, for no coal, only wood is burnt; and then, as he looked round and saw the sky so clear, and such a deep blue, and the distant mountains so far more distinct than he had ever seen in any landscape before; he exclaimed, "Why, papa, I had no idea Italy was so *very* beautiful."

They drove quickly to the hotel as it was dinner-time, and hungry enough they were, for they had not been able to eat much for two days before. The room in which they sat was the grandest Harry had ever had a meal in.

The Hotel Feder was once a palace, and the gilded ceilings and painted walls told a tale of other days, when many a festive scene had been witnessed there, in the time of Genoa's glory. After dinner they all went to the Goldsmith's Street, as it is called, being filled with shops where the pretty gold and silver filagree ornaments are made. There were flowers for the hair, and brooches, and bracelets, all so beautiful it was difficult to choose. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon bought several, and then went into a shop which Harry liked better than the rest, full of coral ornaments, some white, but principally red.

Here, again, some purchases were made; but as the coral is very hard to cut, and it is difficult

to find large pieces which are generally required for the work, the price was high ; so that Harry could not see anything cheap enough to buy for himself. His papa told him the coral fishery was not very far distant, between Genoa and the Gulf of Spezzia. Harry took out his little pocket map, and there his papa showed him the spot. The shopman was interested in Harry, who through his papa asked many questions about the work ; so the man very kindly took him into his work shop, and showed him his tools, and then asked him if he would like to try with the chisel and cut the coral. He did, but in vain ; so then the man began to work, and very hard it seemed. He gave Harry a small piece of the coral, but from not being polished, the colour was not bright.

Mrs. Vernon was now too tired to go anywhere else ; so after they had returned with her to the hotel, Mr. Vernon and his boy started off for a walk in the streets, which were so narrow that in many there was no room for carriages, and mules were used instead.

Mr. Vernon was anxious to find, if possible, some of the Roman remains ; for Genoa was the first city of Liguria which submitted to Rome. But, alas ! he soon lost his way. They wandered up one street and down another, till they were

quite tired, and obliged to give up the search. They came to a shop with all sorts of things cut out of the fig wood, which is stained as black as ebony, but is the lightest in weight of all wood. Harry bought a very pretty little cup and saucer for his cousin Mary.

"How I wish she could come to us, papa, and see Italy too!"

Mr. Vernon smiled, and told his boy "that he should not be very much surprised if she and her mamma were to come, and little Hugh with them."

"Capital! capital!" said Harry; "when do you think they will come, papa?"

Mr. Vernon could not answer this question, but he promised to let Harry know as soon as he heard from his aunt, whether they intended to join them or not.

The idea of having his cousins with him made him so happy, that although he was feeling very tired before, he seemed to forget that, and walked quite briskly along with his papa to the hotel. As he laid down in bed that night, he thought no bed had ever felt so comfortable before; having rolled about in a hard berth for two nights, sick and ill, it was not to be wondered at that he thought this. He had only just time to settle in his mind that it was really worth having two such

nights to know the great comfort of such a bed, when off he went to sleep, and did not wake till his mamma's maid, Pearce, woke him the next morning. The steam-boat was to sail at ten o'clock. Mr. Vernon said at breakfast, that if Harry liked they should have time to go into the cathedral. It was the first church they had visited in Italy, and as they entered and saw so many of the people on their knees, Harry was very much struck, but to his surprise some of these people at once left off praying to beg money of them. Then there were the priests at the altar, so frequently turning about and bowing, that he thought it very strange *men* should like to do it.

The church looked very gay with red cloth hung about it, and there were a great many pictures too, and artificial flowers at the altar; altogether it looked so different from the churches of England, and so tawdry, that it did not give Harry any pleasure. As they walked away, Mr. Vernon told him that the priests were repeating prayers in Latin, with their backs to the congregation, which few of the people heard or understood, and that the people were repeating the Lord's Prayer in Latin, and prayers to the Virgin Mary, over and over again, the oftener they said them, the greater the merit.

Harry told his papa that it was, he thought, very much like the "vain repetitions" of the heathen which he had been reading about at home.

"Yes," said Mr. Vernon, "Romanism and heathenism are alike in many points, I am sorry to say."

As the steamboat left the harbour, the view of Genoa was splendid; happily enough the sea was calm, and as, at first, they kept near the coast, they enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

"Do you see those little white cottages sprinkled about the mountain, Harry," said Mr. Vernon; "they are inhabited by the velvet-makers, for you know that is a very staple article of commerce here."

Harry said, he should so like to have seen it made; "but we cannot see everything in Italy, can we, papa?"

They arrived at Leghorn the next morning at twelve o'clock, after a good voyage this time. There is a range of mountains behind Leghorn of such a singular outline, that Mr. Vernon sketched it off in his book, introducing Leghorn in the foreground. He did it so well and so quickly that Harry determined, as he watched his papa, to try again more industriously than ever to learn to draw too.

Leghorn is a very busy, cheerful-looking place,

and when Mr. Vernon told his boy that it was often visited by the Cæsars, and that the Emperor Nero was so pleased with it that he built a magnificent palace there, and a temple to Diana, both Harry and Mrs. Vernon looked at it with double interest.

They asked Mr. Vernon if they should have time to see the palace; so he went to ask the captain how long he intended to remain

“Till eight o'clock to-morrow, sir.”

“And when does the next train start for Pisa?” said Mr. Vernon.

“Four o'clock, sir, and there is another you can return by at half-past seven.”

Mr. Vernon had business to attend to, and then there was dinner; so that Harry was obliged to content himself with looking into the shops with his mamma. The coral ornaments were a finer colour than at Genoa, and they found that this coral came from the coast of Barbary, and is very fine indeed.

Mrs. Vernon inquired about the Roman palace and temple, but there did not appear to be much of it left, and as she and Harry were very anxious to visit Pisa, they made the best of their disappointment. The train carried them there in less than an hour. They then got into a carriage, and drove off to see the famous leaning

tower. All at once they turned the corner of a street, and there on the soft green turf, quite apart from any house, was the most beautiful group of buildings,—the cathedral and the baptistry, the campo santo or cloisters, and burial-ground, and the campanile or bell-tower

The sky was a deeper blue than is ever seen in England, and formed just the right background for the marble buildings.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon stood for some time quite fixed to the spot ; Henry preferred walking round the leaning tower. But, alas ! when he came to the side that inclined towards him, and looked up, he thought it really was falling over at last, and pretty quickly moved out of the way. However it did not fall, so he laughed at his own fears, and went again and stood quite under it.

His papa and mamma now joined him, and they too felt rather queer as it so leaned over them. They then went into the cathedral : it had a great many pictures in it, which took Mr. and Mrs. Vernon some time to see ; but what most delighted Harry was a bronze lamp which hung suspended from the ceiling in the nave. His papa told him that one day, as that wonderful astronomer, Galileo, was looking at it, and watching its movement backward and forward—which is caused by the draught of air—it

suggested to him the theory of the pendulum, and how usefully it might be employed. So Harry sat himself down to watch it too, for he had learnt in his lessons on astronomy at school about Galileo and Sir Isaac Newton, and other such wonderful men. There swung the lamp gently backward and forward, and there sat Harry still watching it, for he had fallen into a long thought of home. At length his papa and mamma said "they would go on into the cloisters."

Their form is an oblong square; they enclose the burial-ground, which is of a most sacred kind to the Romanist: the earth having been brought from the Holy Land, in fifty-three ships, by Archbishop Ubaldo, who was contemporary with our Richard Cœur-de-Lion

The walls of the cloisters, inside, are covered with paintings; on the floor is a large collection of Roman sarcophagi and ancient statues, and other curiosities, some of which very much interested Harry: but the windows round the cloisters were so very beautiful, that all the party seemed to enjoy looking at those the most.

They next visited the baptistry, which is a circular building with a cupola, and some little way removed from the cathedral. Mr. Vernon explained to Harry that it was not unusual in

Roman Catholic countries to have a separate building in which to administer baptism.

As they entered, they were immediately struck with the reading-desk or pulpit. It is made of pure white alabaster, and rests upon nine pillars, finely carved, of the Corinthian order; the acanthus leaf, which formed the capital, falling over very gracefully.

"We shall see the acanthus leaf growing in many parts of Italy," said Mr. Vernon to Harry; "and we will gather one and press it to take home."

"O yes, papa," he replied; "I wish we could get a plant too."

Just as he had said this, the sacristan, who was showing them the building, sang three notes of a chord; and then, far up in the roof, came the echo, not of the three notes singly, but all at once, forming the chord, gradually dying away, as an echo always does. And then came three notes more, with three beautiful responses. Mrs. Vernon next sang, and her clear bell-like tones were a striking contrast to the man's full bass.

Mr. Vernon asked Harry to sing: he felt timid, but he was always accustomed to obey when his papa or mamma made any request; still his voice was so faint the echo could hardly catch it.

“ Try again, Harry ; sing louder,” said his mamma : and he did try, and three such sweet notes came, that as echo returned the chord, you could almost fancy earth had caught a passing note of the angel’s song.

The setting sun was pouring in its rays of glory, and it seemed impossible to leave the place. They lingered till the daylight began quite to fade, singing again and again.

Very sorry were they to go, for each felt they should never grow tired of such sounds : but as they opened the door a new wonder awaited Harry.

“ O, papa, what is it ? just look here at these bright little lights moving about all round us ; they sparkle and twinkle like stars. O how pretty they look.”

“ They are fire-flies, my boy ; very little things, are they not, to carry such bright lights ?”

Twilight lasts a very short time in Italy, so it soon grew dark. As they walked on the soft grass, the stars shining brightly above, and the little fire-flies flitting around them, the moon too rising gloriously—all these, with the deep silence, made it a scene of such perfect beauty, that Mr. and Mrs. Vernon and Harry agreed, if they had come to Italy to see nothing else, this would quite have repaid them.

Harry had gathered some daisies for his mamma, the only flower growing there ; but when they got into the train he felt so uncommonly sleepy, he was afraid he should lose them, so he asked her to carry them.

He was enjoying a very comfortable nap, when they arrived at Leghorn, and glad enough he was to lie down in his bed, at an hotel close by the quay.

The next morning was very sultry, with large heavy clouds in the sky, and the sea was so calm that as the steamboat left the harbour the water looked like glass. In two or three hours, Harry saw land before them : he looked at his map, and thought it must be the Island of Corsica ; and so it proved. The mountains on it are high, and can be seen a long way off. Presently came another sight of land.

" O, papa, this must be Elba," said Harry. Here, again, he was right, and then they had a talk together about Buonaparte who retired to Elba for a long time.

" He died at St. Helena, did he not, papa ?"

" Yes, Harry ; and when I was in the Botanical Gardens at Kew, near London, I saw a willow tree which was a slip from the one growing over his tomb. The parent tree is now dead, so that this young one is valuable to all relic lovers."

It was very pleasant to have the sea quite smooth, and the day passed off very well. Harry asked his papa what place they stopped at next.

“ Civita Vecchia, my boy ; as you look at it on your map, you would not pronounce it right, I dare say, but you must remember that in Italian, *ci* and *ce* are always pronounced as if they were spelt *chi* and *che*, as in cheek in English ; so this place is Chivita Vecchia. We must make an Italian scholar of you some day. This place is called the port of Rome, for, although it is forty-seven miles from the city, it is the nearest point for sea communication. I do not think there is much to interest us there, though in the time of the Emperor Trajan, it was a large and flourishing place, and had a beautiful villa built by him for his own use.”

Night came on, and with it a regular tempest. Harry was awoke out of his sleep by a tremendous clap of thunder, and as he opened his eyes, and looked out of the cabin window, the lightning seemed to cover the sky with one blaze of light. The vessel began to toss about, the waves dashed against its sides ; the wind howled through the cordage ; and altogether, it was a scene to make a much older boy than Harry shake with fear. He was quite too much afraid to feel sick. Mrs. Vernon asked him if he was frightened.

"Yes, mamma, very. I do not mind a storm at home much, but THERE we cannot be shipwrecked."

"Who was it, my dearest boy," inquired Mrs. Vernon, "who said to the mighty waves, when a storm threatened shipwreck to a much smaller vessel than ours, 'Peace, be still!' and there was a great calm?" That same gracious Deliverer is watching over us. 'He holdeth the seas in the hollow of his hand.' So we will trust Him even now."

Another loud clap of thunder came pealing over their heads, and when it ceased, Mrs. Vernon again talked to her boy in the same kind and soothing manner, so that he began to tremble less; presently, after a little silence, his mamma repeated these two lines to him—

"This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Friend."

Again she was silent, and Harry said, "I do not feel half so afraid now, dear mamma, it is very kind of you to comfort me; you always know how to do it better than any one else."

"Because no one loves you half so much, excepting papa. Let us remember what God says about this, Harry, 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you;' do not de-

pend only on my comfort, but look upward to One who loves you infinitely more than I can, and who has all strength and power to help and take care of you."

The storm somewhat abated, and just as it was getting light, the vessel ceased tossing; for the harbour of Civita Vecchia was reached at last.

Harry went sound asleep, and did not wake till ten o'clock. It rained heavily, so that it was not worth while to land, and in a few hours off they steamed again,

Two more uncomfortable nights had poor Harry and Mrs. Vernon to endure, (Mr. Vernon was a good sailor,) and then Vesuvius came in sight; but Harry could only raise his head enough to look out of the cabin-window. At last, to his great joy, his papa came down to tell him that they were just entering the harbour of Naples. He helped his boy on deck, and there the most glorious sight awaited them!

The sun was setting, a large volume of smoke hanging over Vesuvius, had caught the red glow and looked like a cloud of fire, and every mountain was tinged with the same, and the town of Naples looked quite illuminated! Mr. Vernon and Harry sat watching the scene till, all at once, it was gone, and night came quickly on. Harry felt very impatient to leave the vessel, and almost

cross at one delay after another, for examining passports and luggage. He complained to his mamma about it, but as he looked at her very pale face, and saw how ill she was and yet so patient, he felt quite ashamed of himself.

"I was thinking, my boy," said Mrs. Vernon, "of our voyage being finished, and of God's care over us when exposed to so much danger, and then my heart seemed to fill with gratitude to God, and with gratitude came happiness. So we will try and forget small troubles. I dare say papa will soon come for us now."

CHAPTER II.

FOUR days after Mr. and Mrs. Vernon's arrival, they were comfortably settled in a suite of rooms, in a very large house belonging to an Italian nobleman.

The view from their windows of the bay and Vesuvius, and the range of mountains reaching to Sorrento, was most beautiful. Just before the house were the public gardens, and a wide street, where there was always plenty to be seen. As Harry was standing on the balcony, first came "Punch and Judy;" it was invented in Naples, and is the most favourite street amusement. Then came a small cart laden with oranges, and a number of small children, only half clothed, crowded round it; some of the boldest trying hard to steal a few when the man's head was turned. While Harry was watching it all, he heard his papa call him, "Here is a letter from

your aunt, my boy ; and when do you think she is coming ?”

“ O when, when, papa ?”

“ About the 18th of October, and as this is the 14th, it is less than a week, you see ; and Mary and little Hugh are so delighted about it.”

“ And so am I, papa, more than I can tell you.”

Mrs. Vernon now came into the room, and Harry was much pleased to be the first to tell her the good news.

“ Dear little Hugh ! do you remember, mamma, when he was staying with us at home, how he puzzled old nurse ?”

“ What do you mean, dear ?” said Mrs. Vernon.

“ Why, mamma, you know he was rather afraid of the dark, and one night, after nurse had put him to bed, she found she had forgotten the night-light ; so she told Hugh that she must leave him in the dark to fetch it, and that he ought not to be afraid, but put his trust in God. ‘ But suppose, nurse,’ he said, ‘ you leave me the candle, and then *you* can go in the dark and trust in God.’ ”

“ O yes, Harry,” said Mrs. Vernon smiling ; “ I remember. I hope we shall find him braver now, for he is nearly five years old, and it was a year ago he was with us.”

Sunday came, and Harry was surprised to find there was no church like those in England, but a very large room had been fitted up in a house. However, it had pews, and a gallery, and an organ, and looked like a church inside. Before they entered, Mrs. Vernon reminded her son, that the same beautiful service, the same Scriptures would be read in England ; and when Harry thought of this, particularly in the Psalms and Lessons for the day, he was quite pleased, to feel how near it seemed to bring his dear home to him ; and this made him listen all the more attentively to the service. The singing, too, was very sweet ; and the sermon from that text, " My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

It was so very appropriate to the travellers, that Mr. and Mrs. Vernon agreed when walking home it was quite made for them. This first Sunday in Naples was a very happy one. The only thing to make it sad was its being such a complete holiday amongst the people.

There was the band playing in the gardens, and hundreds of people dressed very gaily walking about, to whom it was just enough to hear mass in the morning, and repeat a few prayers. No Bible, no sermon, very little, if any, prayer from the heart, but showy ceremonies, with priests dressed very splendidly in gold, and lace, and

scarlet silk, muttering Latin prayers, and often bowing towards the altar.

Mrs. Vernon reminded Harry of that hymn,—

“ I thank the goodness and the grace,
Which on my birth has smiled,
And made me in these Christian days,
A happy English child.”

On the Tuesday morning Mrs. Vernon left his card at Mr. Ferguson's, the clergyman who had conducted the service on Sunday, and the next day the call was returned. He told Mr. Vernon, amongst other things, that he had no boy of his own, but two little girls,—Rose and Edith, to whom he should have much pleasure in introducing Harry. Mrs. Vernon saw, by her boy's smile, he would like that very much. She thanked Mr. Ferguson, and then he settled that in a day or two he would bring them and Mrs. Ferguson to call on Mrs. Vernon.

They came, and the little folks soon made friends together. Harry told them that the next day he hoped to see his cousins Mary and Hugh, and then they should begin to see some of the sights.

Rose and Edith told him of so many interesting things they had seen, that Harry thought they would have to stay a long time at Naples to see it all.

"But we have never been up Vesuvius," said Edith, "for papa has thought us too young."

"But perhaps, if Mary and I go," said Harry, "Mr. Ferguson will let you both go too."

They thought this very likely, and hoped they would be able to see many things together.

The next day Mr. Vernon and Harry went to the pier, hoping to see the steamboat which was to bring Mrs. Hugh Vernon and her children.

But upon inquiry, they found it was not expected till the evening. After tea, when Mr. Vernon rose to go, Harry jumped up too; but his papa told him he could not take him, as it was too late for little boys to be standing about.

Harry had so counted upon going, that it was a very great disappointment, and he began to beg hard to be allowed to go, but his papa, in a kind, firm tone, said, "My boy, I have told you you are not to go." He did not turn sulky, as some children would have done, but, after thinking for a minute, he turned to his mamma, and said, "We can watch for the steamboat from the window, cannot we, dear mamma? and if the moon is up in time, it will be a pretty sight, and then you will not be left alone."

Mrs. Vernon stooped down and kissed his bright face, just whispering, "My happy boy!"

It got dark, and as they looked out of the win-

dow, Vesuvius was throwing out such bright flames and red hot stones shooting up into the air, that they were quite amused to watch it; and then the moon rose, and the beautiful bay looked more beautiful than ever.

There is an island called Capri, twenty-four miles from Naples, but quite opposite to it.

Presently, on one side of this island, Harry spied a small white line of smoke.

"Look, mamma, there they are!" Very slowly this little black spot, with its white line, looking, as Harry said, like a white flag, came nearer and nearer, and, at last, the vessel seemed to grow to quite a respectable size; it passed across the bay, and in an hour more, some little feet were heard trotting up the stairs, and a couple more were trotting down as fast; and then there were such warm welcomes, and dear little Hugh got so many kisses that he woke up quite bright at last, for he had had a good nap in the carriage.

The steamboat in which Mrs. Hugh Vernon had left England had come by the Bay of Biscay and the Straits of Gibraltar. As it did not touch at Naples, they were obliged to go with it to the island of Malta, and from thence back again to Naples. But the weather had been fine, and as each of the children were good sailors, after just the first, and their mamma too, Mary quite laughed

when Harry told her of all he and his mamma had suffered.

The following day was Sunday, and, in the evening, Mary, and Harry, and little Hugh went into the drawing-room to Mrs. Vernon, to have their Scripture reading.

Mrs. Vernon told them she thought they would feel great interest in the last chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. "But before we read that," said Mrs. Vernon, "I think the collect for the day had better be repeated."

Harry and Mary knew it quite perfectly. Hugh was too young to learn it. "But, dear aunty," he said, "I know a new hymn, which mamma told me this morning, was just the one to say to you in this pretty place."

"I should like to hear it, my dear little Hugh," said Mrs. Vernon; and when she had taken him on her knee, he began:—

"All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that grows,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them high and lowly,
And ordered their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sun-set, and the morning
That brightens up the sky.

The cold wind in the winter,
The warm summer's sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great His power and goodness,
Who hath made all things well !”

Mrs. Vernon was much pleased with the hymn, and so was Harry; indeed he said he must learn it, and Hugh promised to teach it him.

They then read the chapter through, and Mrs. Vernon told them that the Puteoli, mentioned as the place where St. Paul landed in Italy, after his

dangerous voyage, was now called Puzzuoli, and that she hoped they would all drive there to-morrow; so she thought her little Bible class would like to read about it first.

They were to remember St. Paul was being taken prisoner to Rome, to appear before the cruel Emperor Nero. His voyage had been very long and dangerous,—he was shipwrecked, and cast upon the island of Melita, which is generally supposed to be Malta, to which Mary and Hugh had been taken in the steamboat.

“Now, Mary,” said Mrs. Vernon, “read the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth verses.”

“‘And landing at Syracuse, we tarried there three days. And from thence we fetched a compass, and came to Rhegium, and after one day the south wind blew, and we came the next day to Puteoli: Where we found brethren, and were desired to tarry with them seven days; and so we went towards Rome.’”

Mrs. Vernon told them this happened sixty-two years after Christ. They asked her many questions about the chapter and the place, and all agreed they should see Puteoli with double interest, now that they had read and heard so much about it.

Soon after lunch the next day, the carriage drove to the door, and all started off.

A little way from their house, Harry pointed out

to Mary a fine palm tree, its beautiful fan-like branches looked very unlike any tree they had seen before.

The road along which they drove was most lovely, skirting one side of the bay.

Mr. Vernon laughed and said, "he thought they should soon want some new words to express their admiration, for 'splendid,' 'lovely,' and 'beautiful,' came so many times over."

At last they reached Puzzuoli. It is now a large fishing village, and some of the houses are built partly in the sea, for there is no tide in the Mediterranean. The children of the place came to the carriage with pieces of paper full of shells. Mr. Vernon bought a packet for each of the party.

They then visited the ruins of a large temple, dedicated to Jupiter Serapis. It was once very magnificent, but nearly destroyed by an earthquake a few years after St. Paul had landed at the place. After this temple, the amphitheatre interested all the party very much, for there it was that so many of the early Christians were put to death, and probably some of those very men who had desired St. Paul to tarry with them, were amongst the martyrs, for the persecution broke out a few years after the apostle's visit.

Mr. Vernon showed Harry the den where the

wild beasts were kept, it was called "the Vomitorium," and it had a passage from it, by which the wild beasts rushed into the arena of the theatre; that is, the open space in the centre of the amphitheatre, where the prisoners were placed to be devoured by them.

Harry quite shuddered as he stood on the ground where so much Christian blood had been spilt; but when his papa reminded him of the wonderful courage which animated them, so that the thought of heaven made them welcome death, and the honour of dying for the name of Jesus, who had died to save them, was far more than enough to compensate them for any suffering—then Henry felt less sad.

Mary ran to her uncle to know where the roof of the building was gone, "for look uncle," she said, "the stone seats go up nearly to the top."

"None of the amphitheatres had roofs, Mary," said Mr. Vernon, "the old Romans you know were a sturdy set, and such was their love for these shocking sights, that they would sit for a whole day in the most scorching sun to see them, and as this place held forty-five thousand people, you can imagine how universal this cruel taste must have been. Sometimes an awning was drawn across to shelter the spectators from the sun."

The next place they drove to was the street of tombs. The road was very rough, and Mary several times screamed out "she was sure they would be turned over." Harry felt inclined to ridicule her at first, but he thought he should not like that himself, so he advised her to sit down in the middle of the carriage, and then whichever side it turned over some of them would make a soft cushion for her to fall upon.

Mary laughed at this, and as for little Hugh, he laughed away finely, and said, perhaps he should just do for a little pillow for his sister.

The coachman now stopped, and said he could drive no further, so out they all jumped, and soon came to a road paved with large stones.

"This," said Mr. Vernon, "is called the Apian Way—these are the very stones which were laid down by the Romans. The road has only been discovered within the last few years. You know, Harry, the Romans made better roads than any people that have lived since."

"Where does this road lead to, papa?"

"To Rome, my boy, and is the one up which St. Paul went bound as a prisoner to Rome. He trod on these very stones, I have no doubt, for foot travelling was the common mode of going from one place to another in those days."

"Yes," said Harry, "so mamma told us last

night, we read about St. Paul's going to Rome. I never thought so much about it before. I should have been dreadfully afraid to be taken as a prisoner before cruel Nero."

"And so should I," said Mary and Hugh together.

"It says, if you remember," said Mr. Vernon, "that after meeting many brethren at Appii Forum, 'he thanked God and took courage,' so perhaps even the brave St. Paul, felt rather downcast, but help came from God through these good Christian men, who had come so many miles to meet him."

There were tombs cut in the rock on each side of the road, they had all been opened, and were empty, but as if nature would do her best to close them, numbers of creeping plants were hanging in festoons before the open doors, so that none of the party entered the vacant rooms, but only looked in. The children were busy gathering flowers. Violets had begun to bloom again, and Harry ran with a beautiful bunch of them to his mamma. She asked him to dig up a root if he could: Mary came to help him, and at last with the aid of a pocket knife, they got up two good roots. Hugh brought them some large leaves to wrap round the ball of earth, and then after

showing them to Mrs. Vernon, they hid them in a safe place till they came back.

"Suppose we all sit down on this green bank," said Mrs. Vernon, "it looks so cool and shady. It is never so hot as this in England, at the end of October, is it Harry?"

"O no, mamma! but just look at the sky, is it not a beautiful blue? Why is it, mamma, the Romans had their tombs in a street instead of a burial ground as we have?"

Mrs. Vernon said his papa had just been telling her and aunty, that in every ancient city in Italy, the principal street leading to it, but not inside the city, was the street of tombs, as it was considered a useful means of reminding men of their mortality.

After lingering some time in this most interesting spot, Mr. Vernon looked at his watch and found there would just be time to visit "the Sol-fatara." This is the crater of an extinct volcano: a small plain encircled with steep hills. One half of it is a perfect garden of evergreens and flowers. Heaths of different kinds, and the myrtle were in full bloom, and all growing wild; but the earth in the other half of the ground is too hot to allow of vegetation. As the party walked on, the smell became most disagreeably sulphurous, and pre-

sently, with handkerchiefs up to their noses, they arrived at a hole between two stones, out of this came a quantity of smoke and steam, so impregnated with sulphur, that all the stones round were covered with little crystals of it. A bubbling noise was heard of water boiling, and the earth was quite hot !

Mary began to be frightened again, and presently some of the boys who had come with them as guides, took up some large stones and threw them on the ground ; such a hollow sound came that poor Mary cried out, " she was sure the earth was not strong enough to bear them." And then her fears made little Hugh timid also. Mr. Vernon told Mary that if she were frightened at this he could not allow her to go up Vesuvius, for she would only be a trouble to all the party. Harry said he would walk a little way back with her to where the flowers were growing, and Hugh went with them. They picked up some of the stones covered with sulphur, but they had passed all the best. Harry was sorry to find this, but he felt he could not ask Mary to go back again, so he said nothing about it ; but she knew how fond her cousin was of minerals, and knew also that her fears, selfish as they were, had prevented his getting them, and she felt so ashamed of herself, and vexed about it, that she determined to be a braver

girl in future. She proposed to Harry to go to meet his uncle, and as they joined him, one of the guides had just buried a piece of silver money in the earth for a minute. When it was taken out it had turned quite black, and was too hot to hold with comfort.

The whole party thought this Solfatara a very wonderful place. Mr. Vernon told Mary there was not much fear of the earth falling through with them, though it did sound so hollow, for the guide, who was a most intelligent man, had been telling him, that when Buonaparte visited the place he had the crater bored, and found that there was two hundred feet depth of earth, and then boiling water, with a strong deposit in it of sulphur, ammonia, and some iron.

When leaving this place, they noticed a church built close on one of the hills, which form the side of the crater. It is called the Church of the Capuchins—that is an order of monks—but, poor fellows, the smell from the Solfatara is so strong, that they are obliged to go away all the summer and had not yet returned.

“But how foolish to build a church in such a place,” said Harry.

Mr. Vernon—“I will tell you how it is, my boy. Do you not remember in the amphitheatre, we noticed when leaving, a small chapel built in one

of the passages. I told you it was in honour of St. Januarius. Now our guide has been telling me that the Romanists teach the people this nonsense, they say that Januarius was once in a time of persecution exposed to bears, in the amphitheatre, to be devoured by them : but as soon as they saw the saint, they fell down before him, five thousand people were converted to Christianity by this miracle, and Timotheus, a lieutenant of the Emperor Diocletian, was so angry about it, that he cut off the saint's head, just where this church stands. If it were open the monks would show you the stone on which it was done, with the mark of his blood. But to make the miracle more wonderful, it is said, a Neapolitan lady collected two vials full of his blood, during his martyrdom.

“ These, with the saint's head, were taken to the cathedral in Naples. Three times a year, that is in May, September and December, this blood becomes as they pretend, miraculously liquid.

“ Hundreds of persons assemble in the church to see it. The priests hold the bottles up to show the people how thick it is, and then if it continue so long, all present cry and groan, because they think some evil will happen to the city : but at last, after putting the bottles close to the skull of the saint, the blood becomes quite liquid. Then

the people shout for joy, and press forward in crowds to kiss the bottles !”

Harry—“ And do all the people really believe it, papa ? ”

Mr. Vernon—“ Yes, I fear they do ; you see the priests wish them to believe it, because it gives them great power when the people thus think they can work miracles.

“ But I must tell you, that once, a few years ago, the blood was so long before it liquified, and the people became so excited, the king feared an outbreak amongst them, and as he was not at all popular, he did not know where it might end : so he sent word to the priests, that if the miracle did not take place at once, he would march down his soldiers upon the people. Of course this liquified the blood very soon. So you see, Harry, he must know it is a trick of the priests altogether, and yet for two or three hundred years this tricking has gone on, and I am afraid will continue to go on.”

Mrs. Vernon reminded Harry that they had noticed one day a large figure of the saint on a bridge in the road to Vesuvius.

“ O yes, mamma, and he was holding up his hand towards the mountain, as if he would stop the lava from coming to the city. I remember you told me the Neapolitans prayed to this saint, when an eruption came, instead of to God.”

Mary was greatly astonished, and little Hugh too, when they heard this; and as the carriage drove home, and they were talking over all they had seen, Mr. Vernon reminded them of the contrast between the time when St. Paul landed at Puteoli a prisoner, bound by a chain to a Roman soldier, ready to die, for having simply and boldly preached the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and now with the people still calling themselves Christians, yet worshipping images and bones and blood, the very name of Jesus scarcely being known amongst them, and the saints and the Virgin Mary being prayed to instead.

Just after their arrival at home, Mr. Ferguson called. He said he could not stay long, but he had come to ask Mr. and Mrs. Vernon if they would allow Harry to come to tea at his house the next day; and then, turning to Mrs. Hugh Vernon, he asked her to let Mary and Hugh come too.

Leave was soon given, to the great pleasure of each of the children, and then Mr. Ferguson said to them he should have a new friend to introduce, Donald Campbell. He told Mr. Vernon that this boy was an orphan: his parents had been most intimate friends of his and Mrs. Ferguson's, and that he had come to live with them for awhile.

Harry was pleased enough to hear he was only a year older than himself, and he and Mary settled that their little party at Naples would now be very complete.

CHAPTER III.

THREE merry light hearts had Harry, Mary, and Hugh, as they walked with the maid, Pearce, to Mr. Ferguson's; they were telling her all about the places they had visited the day before, when they arrived at the house. Rose and Edith came running down the stairs to meet them, and after they had taken off their things, they went into the drawing-room, where Donald was standing by the side of Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson. He was a very handsome boy, and considerably taller than Harry, with dark hair and eyes, which formed quite a contrast to the light hair and clear blue eye of Harry Brightside.

In the course of the evening Mr. Ferguson showed them his cabinet of curiosities. He had only been one year in Naples, having been appointed chaplain to the English there, so that his drawers were not nearly full. First of all there

were specimens which he had collected of the various granites, and different lava found on Vesuvius; and the green, and pink, and blue, and purple jewels, as they are called, which are thrown out of the crater, and when cut and set in gold, look very pretty, just like emerald, and topaz, and amethyst.

Rose and Edith showed Mary some hearts made of these stones which their mamma had given them.

Underneath the drawers was a closet, in which were ancient lamps and jugs and vases; they had been found in different Roman tombs in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Ferguson then opened a box in which he said was something very precious to him.

"What is it?" said Harry.

"It is called a scarabeus, and was dug out of an Etruscan tomb near Rome; and here also is a small vase which came from another tomb."

"That thing you call a scarabeus," said Donald, "looks to me only like a beetle."

"That is just what it is, Donald," said Mr. Ferguson. "This is a charm, and was once worn round the neck of an Etruscan. The Etruscans were of Egyptian origin, and both nations used this charm. They saw in this beetle an image of the Creator, because it forms

a ball of earth with its hind legs, in which it deposits its eggs, an emblem of this world of ours, created and influenced in every part by God.


“ This charm was always made of some opaque substance to signify that the Creator is only half understood. They were first worn as an ornament only, and some have been found which are believed to be of an earlier date than the patriarch Abraham, but afterwards they were worshipped.”

“ How long ago did the Etruscans live, sir ?” said Harry.

Mr Ferguson—“ Etruria was in its glory at the time of the foundation of Rome, seven hundred and fifty-three years before Christ ; and Veii, an Etruscan city, was destroyed by Camillus, four hundred and fifty years before Christ ; indeed, the all-conquering Romans and the Gauls gradually brought the Etruscans into subjection, and we know little more of them than we can learn from their tombs.”

Harry—“ Well, I thought when I came to Italy the oldest things I should see would be Roman, but I suppose now that these Etruscans must have been cousins to Ham, the son of Noah, who went into Egypt after the flood.”

Mr. Ferguson laughed. “ Not quite so near



as cousins, my boy, but descendants of his at any rate. Look, here is a model of an Etruscan tomb I bought the other day. You see they did not burn their dead like the Romans. Here is the skeleton; and look at all the vases placed round. Sometimes very beautiful jewels are found with the dead, and if you should go to Rome, you will see a fine collection of them in the Vatican."

"Now, dear papa," cried Edith, "let us bury these Etruscans, for I so want a game."

"No," replied Donald; "we wont come for your teasing."

"Wait a minute, my child," said Mr. Ferguson; "I must show Harry a few more things. Here, Harry, is another scarabeus; you see there is a very ugly figure cut in the stone on the back of it. The Etruscans thought the more ugly the figure engraved, the more fortunate and the greater the charm."

After looking through the cabinet, Donald wanted to show Harry some crystals he had brought from Scotland, but Harry proposed a game at charades, as he knew that then Rose and Edith would join them; for Donald's rude and sharp remark to Edith, determined him to be more polite than ever.

They chose the word "Porcupine;" and their

first scene was in Egypt; they pretended to be building the Pyramids, and, like true sons of Ham, made a hearty meal on pork.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson laughed heartily at the young Egyptians, with a large bean hung round their necks as a charm, in pretence for scarabei.

While they were busy preparing, Mrs. Ferguson asked little Hugh where his papa was.

"In India I think," was the reply; "but mamma wrote to tell him she was well enough to come here; and only think! she says papa may come here too, we have not seen him such a very long time! Mary and I were born in India."

"That will indeed be delightful," said Mrs. Ferguson.

Just then the charade-players burst into the room, and as they had then come to the whole word "Porcupine," there was not much difficulty in guessing it; for, with merry bursts of laughter, they brought in a loaf stuck all over with real porcupine's quills, which had been given to Rose and Edith.

Harry had cut the loaf into something like the right shape, but still it was a very comical-looking animal.

"I think," said Mr. Ferguson. "if you were to take it to the Villa Rocca Romana, the gardener

would show you his stuffed porcupines with great triumph in contrast to yours."

"What villa do you mean, sir?" said Donald and Harry both together.

"O, I must leave my girls to tell you about it."

And so they did; and told them too of such wonders to be seen, that it was settled Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson should take all the party to the gardens of the villa, the first spare afternoon, and ask Mr. and Mrs. Vernon to go too.


Fortunately one soon came, and off started the whole party. The children had filled their pockets with bread and biscuits, and were chatting away as fast as children's tongues could go (and that is very fast sometimes), when Edith cried out, "Here we are!"

The garden gate was opened, and Mr. Ferguson asked the gardener if his master would allow their party to walk through the gardens. He gave him his card, and the man soon returned to say his master would be most happy to allow them to do so.

First of all they came to a number of rare birds, and amongst them some white peacocks. Two of them spread out their tails as soon as they saw the children; and as they picked up some biscuit, and then walked away with their proud strut, Mrs. Vernon said she could only

compare their fan-like tails to beautiful lace. As the party were just walking away, a coloured peacock, such as we commonly see, put up his tail too ; and the contrast between his colours and the pure white of the others, was very pretty.

There was a summer-house built just at the edge of the rock over the sea ; it was in the shape of a Chinese pagoda, and beautifully painted inside, with sofas all round ; a bookcase filled with books, and everything to help you to spend a morning most agreeably there. The children were delighted with it, for the chairs and the tables were all so curiously carved in wood, and there were many curiosities of different kinds ; but as they were looking at them they heard such an odd sound, near at hand, of the barking of a dog. Donald and Harry hastened out of the summer-house, and Edith with them, but they could see nothing. Presently they heard it again, and the gardener pointed to a path leading to the shore. Off they started, for they saw by the man's face, and knew by the sound that it was no common dog making such a noise. They came near to the water's edge, and there, in a large pond, they saw some animal swimming about. At first Donald and Harry thought it really was a black boy ; for there was a large round hairy head, and two fine large eyes



looking at them, but, as they came nearer, they saw it was a fish; and yet it began barking away at them, and, raising itself in the water, its two fins looking like the fore-feet of a dog.

As Edith watched the surprise of the two boys, she laughed heartily.

"Why, Edith," said Harry, "this cannot be the little pet dog you told us there was in the gardens? You surely cannot love such a queer animal as that?"

"Indeed I can, Harry," replied Edith; "you shall see what fun I have with him. Now, Doggy, you must beg; here is a biscuit for you."

The fish swam a little way towards her, fixing his bright and beautiful eyes on the biscuit; and then raised himself, hanging down his fins, just as a dog does his fore legs, to beg.

"Good fellow," said Edith, and as she threw the biscuit he caught it in his mouth quite cleverly.

Just then the rest of the party were in sight, and as the path was somewhat steep, Harry ran back to help them. Donald smiled quite scornfully as he saw this polite and kind act; for though he pretended to despise Harry for it, it was, in fact, the self-reproach at his own selfishness which made him dislike to see a good action in another boy.

Harry saw this look in Donald, and he thought to himself, "I shall only leave this queer fish for a minute or two, and I can puzzle Mary and Hugh about it. I wonder Donald does not come too!" So on he ran. "O, Mary," he said, "I have just seen Edith Ferguson's pet dog. Hark! don't you hear him barking?"

"Is it a dog like mamma's, Harry?" said Mary.

"Not exactly; but it begs like little Flora, and perhaps you will like to nurse it. Here it is."

Mary started back with surprise, and Hugh, who was holding Rose's hand, laughed and said, "O, cousin Harry, how could Mary nurse such a great big fellow as that?"

"You shall stroke him though," said Edith. And then the gardener put a common hurdle into the water to form a ladder, and though of course the fish-dog had no legs, it managed to riggle itself up the hurdle, and rolled over at the children's feet. It opened its large mouth, and poor silly Mary felt sure it would bite them; so as she backed and backed, quite forgetting there was another pond behind her; her foot came to the edge, and had it not been that Mr. Ferguson saw her danger just in time to catch hold of her, she must have fallen in. As it was, she had a much worse fright than if she had remained with the

rest. The children patted the soft sides of the great fish, and then Mr. Ferguson told them it was of the seal tribe: it was covered with hair, but so like a dog that it was called the sea-dog. It had been caught in the Mediterranean, and as the gentleman to whom the gardens and villa belonged was known to be a great naturalist, the sailors always brought any rare fish, or shell, or coral to him, knowing they should find a sale for them.

The gardener said that at first the sea-dog was very shy, but it soon began to learn any trick, and had become quite tame. He then told it to go back into the water, and down it plunged, and then came begging for some more biscuit. "And you shall have it, my good doggy," said Edith, and away went one biscuit after another into his open mouth.

"Now," said Rose, "you must all come and see my favourites," and she led them to another pond close by, where they were swimming about.

"O how beautiful!" said all the party; "what are they?"

"O, these are my pretty butterfly-fish; look at their fins, they are just the shape of the wings of the butterfly! and look at the colours—first red, then blue, orange, and white!"

"Yes," said Harry, "and their bodies like the

gold fish in our pond at home. O' how very beautifully they swim about!"

The gardener knelt down at the water's edge, and asking Rose for a piece of bread, held it down, and all the fish came gathering round it, eating it out of his fingers.

Most of the party liked Rose's favourites the best; but Edith did not care for that, and ran back, "not," as she said, "to give her old dog a bone, though old Mother Hubbard's dog was not at all more clever than her old favourite, but to give him a little plum bun, which she had saved for the last, as he was so fond of them."

Mr. Ferguson now led the way to the museum of stuffed animals, and shells, birds, and insects, &c. "Now, Harry," he said, "how far is your porcupine like this real one, think you?"

"Why, just about as much, sir, as Edith's sea-dog is like a real dog! so we will call mine the sea-porcupine, for it certainly had no legs amongst other things."

They all laughed. "And here," said Mr. Ferguson, "is the sea-horse;" and a great ugly stuffed animal it was, about eight feet long, with a fish's body, and a head very much like a horse.

The museum interested them all very much, though the scorpions preserved in spirits, which

were collected in the neighbourhood, looked so very ugly and venomous, that the children agreed they had rather see them dead than alive.

Mr. Ferguson said they had missed one sight which he thought they would regret, and he led them back again to the ponds of the sea-dog and butterfly-fish, to a dark passage cut in the rock ; this opened into a large hall, with smaller rooms round it, all cut in the rock. There were small lamps of different colours, like those used at an illumination, hung in festoons in different directions : one end of the hall opened on the water's edge. Mr. Ferguson told them that this had been excavated by the master of the villa as a ball-room, and that concerts were sometimes held in it.

Mrs. Vernon stood listening to the waves as one after another broke on the shore, and turning to Harry, asked him if he could not fancy their measured sound quite beating time to the music ? And then she proposed they should sit down and rest themselves, and sing one of their pretty glees.

So she and Mr. Vernon and Harry began " In the days when we went gipsying," and Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson joined in till all the rocks seemed to echo the sound, and the waves, too, gave their quiet solemn music. There was the beautiful

bay before them, that matchless bay! and the clear blue sky above, forming a lovely contrast to the yellow brown sand rock where they were all seated. As soon as the glee was finished another was proposed, and then another, for all felt very happy in that lovely spot.

Not far off was a very small bay with its pebble shore; and this was a great treat to the children, for they found some shells there, which are rare things at Naples, for the shore in every direction is occupied either with fishing boats, gardens, or houses.

The time at last came for the party to leave: the carriage was waiting, and took them all, excepting Mr. Vernon and Mr. Ferguson, who preferred to walk home. They had a long talk together about Donald and Harry, and it was then arranged most kindly by Mr. Ferguson that Harry should study with Donald under his care.

Both the boys, when they heard it, were very well pleased, and as the time was only to be from nine o'clock till one, they felt there would be plenty of time to see the many sights around.

For a whole fortnight after the happy visit to the gardens of the Villa Rocca Romana, the most heavy, ceaseless rain prevented all excursions; and sometimes as Harry braved it on his way to Mr. Ferguson's every morning, he felt quite glad

we have not such rain in England: and then to add to the difficulty of walking in it, all the houses in Italy have a waterspout at the top, quite hanging over the path, so that unless you are very careful, a perfect deluge of water comes pouring down, which no umbrellas can resist.

At last a fine afternoon came, and Mr. Vernon proposed a visit to the Museum.

Little Hugh was to have a walk in the gardens with his nurse, as he was not old enough to go with the rest; and even Harry and Mary found there was much to be seen there which did not interest them. However, when they came to the rooms containing all the bronze vessels, and other relics from Pompeii, they were delighted enough. Mr. Vernon pointed out to them, first of all, a round table in the centre of the room, containing jewels and other small things. In one case was a very old looking purse, with money in it, and laid by the side were several gold bracelets and rings, found on the arm and hand of a skeleton in the cellar of a house at Pompeii, which, from an inscription outside, was found to belong to Diomedes. It is supposed this was his wife, who fled into the cellar for protection, and there perished. The purse was found in her hand.

In another case were rings, necklaces, ear-rings, brooches, chains, and nets of gold; and also silver

pins for ornamenting the hair, like those now worn so universally in Italy.

"When was Pompeii destroyed, papa?" asked Harry.

"Seventy-nine years after Christ, my boy; and is it not wonderful that these gold and silver ornaments should have been made in such perfection then! Look, here is a small looking-glass which belonged to some Pompeian lady; it is made of polished metal, you see, instead of glass."

In other cases round the room were different kinds of food. Two small loaves of bread, made in the shape of a tea-cake, with the name of the baker stamped on one; eggs, and a honeycomb, and a large bronze saucepan full of soup, which was being boiled on the fire when the destruction of the city took place. A bottle containing oil, and another filled with olives; nets for catching birds and fishes, and a large quantity of paints, which, with the brushes, were found in a painter's shop.

All the party felt great interest in looking at one case after another, and then they went into the next room, filled with kitchen furniture all made of bronze.

The floor of each of the rooms is paved with mosaics which were brought from Pompeii; these are different figures made of small pieces of

coloured pottery or stone, and all fitted together just as carefully as a puzzle. At a distance they look like pictures. In this room the weights and scales were the most admired—the chains being made in a great variety of beautiful patterns. There were also kettles, stewpans, and saucepans lined with silver, a portable stove for heating water, moulds for jellies; indeed, Mrs. Vernon said, “she felt sure if her cook were brought there, she would find all that was necessary to furnish her kitchen with things for cooking.”

In another room were lamps, and candelabra (or candlesticks) in every variety of pattern, and all most elegantly and richly ornamented.

“Look here, Harry,” said Mr. Vernon, “these are the idols or lares of the Pompeians; they were called their household gods: and here is a brush just like those now used in Romanist churches to sprinkle the holy water. You remember I told you heathenism and Romanism were often alike, and here is a proof of it; for this brush was used by the Pompeian priests to sprinkle purifying water, as they called it, over different things. These vessels, too, were for incense to burn before their gods. You remember you saw the priests burning incense the other day in the Romanist church near our house. I wish you, my boy, to take notice of these things,

and prize our own Protestant religion more than ever."

Mr. Vernon then showed him the helmet and shield, together with part of the skeleton of a Roman soldier. They were found in a sentry-box at Pompeii. True to his duty, it is supposed that he braved death at his post rather than safety in flight.

Near these interesting relics were some iron stocks found in the prison,—children's toys, and musical instruments, with flutes made from human bones !

Harry and Mary felt quite tired at last with looking at so many things, and as Mr. Vernon told them he hoped they would pay many visits to the museum, and that too after having seen Pompeii itself, when they would feel double interest in looking over these treasures, when they had seen the very houses in which they were discovered, they quite willingly drove away.

CHAPTER IV.

THE following week Mr. Vernon invited Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, Donald, Rose, and Edith, to join them in a pic-nic to the Bay of Baiæ. So off they all started in two carriages.

The road is the same as to Puzzuoli, for this town is in the Bay of Baiæ ; but soon after passing this place, they noticed the remains of villas quite in the sea, and then they came to much larger ones, and the sea being as clear as glass, you could trace room after room in the water. Baiæ was a very favourite residence of the Roman emperors and their people.

Mr. Ferguson pointed out some ruins, which are said to be the palace of Julius Cæsar. A part of it only is in the water, so the children went scrambling about the old walls. Mr. Vernon called them, and told them that, possibly, as the emperor sat in one of the rooms they were then

visiting, with the blue sea sparkling before him, he might have planned his invasion of England.

Harry—"But he did not conquer us, did he, papa?"

"Yes, he conquered our rude forefathers, though he did not extend his conquests into the heart of the country, and soon abandoned it. It was Agricola, a most wise and able general who commanded in Britain in the reign of Domitian, who first so far conquered and subdued the Britons as to be able to influence and civilize them; and when you are able to read his life by the historian Tacitus, (who was his son-in-law,) you will feel that we owe very much to him for having really subjugated and so wisely ruled them. The Romans ruled in Britain 500 years."

After gathering some flowers, on they went to the Baths of Nero. They are in perfect preservation, and supplied from the very same hot spring which used to form such luxurious baths for the emperor, whose monstrous cruelties have made his name infamous.

The spring-head is at the end of a dark passage, where it comes bubbling up boiling hot; so that a man actually took some eggs, and returned in three minutes, having boiled them in the spring.

Donald and Harry managed to eat two a piece.

After driving a mile farther, three ruined temples came in sight, dedicated to Venus, Mercury, and Diana.

There is a small inn here, with a pretty garden, where it was determined they should lunch. So the baskets of provisions were taken out of the carriage, a very pretty spot chosen in the garden, and a servant left to get all ready, while the rest drove on to Cape Misenum, where the town Misenum used to stand, but now only a few ruins here and there show it to have been once inhabited.

Mr. Vernon reminded the children that it was in the harbour of Misenum, that Pliny was at anchor with all his fleet, when that awful eruption of Vesuvius took place, which destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum.

“O, please tell us all about it, papa,” said Harry.

“I will tell you something about it at any rate,” replied Mr. Vernon. “You remember I said that it was seventy-nine years after Christ, when these cities were destroyed. Pliny, the Younger, wrote an account of it to his friend Tacitus, the historian. He tells him, that his father was in this bay, and all at once, in the middle of the day, clouds of ashes quite obscured the sun, and made it as dark as night. The air became so hot and sulphurous, that it seemed impossible to breathe.

One shock after another of earthquake filled the people on the land with horror, the sea was most violently troubled, and receded from the land a considerable distance. This continued for three days. Meanwhile Pliny, believing the sea to be safer than the land, started off in one of his ships, to a place called Castelamare, near Pompeii. Here he landed, hoping to aid some of the inhabitants who were flying in all directions; many of them with pillows on their heads to shield them from the cinders and ashes which were falling thick and fast. Pliny had one, too, to protect him, but he was an old man, and suffered much from his breath, a sort of asthma it is supposed, so that he soon sunk down quite exhausted from the fumes and smoke of the volcano, though four or five miles distant from it, and there he died.

“An immense column of smoke burst out from the summit of Vesuvius, with hot water and ashes too, which deluged Pompeii; so that in the course of two days the city was entirely buried.

“Besides this, a large stream of lava poured out of the crater, and came slowly creeping down the mountain; for melted lava is much thicker even than melted glass, and it does not run fast; these streams of fire came all over the city of

Herculaneum, till not a trace of that large and splendid place could be seen: nothing but lava, black and cold; silence and desolation all around!"

"But, Mr. Vernon," said Donald, "why did they build the cities so near Vesuvius?"

"It is supposed, Donald, that no one knew Vesuvius to be a volcano, or, at any rate, they thought it was extinct, for the crater was overgrown with grass, and cattle fed there; but as Pompeii is paved with lava, they must have imagined that some time or other the mountain had poured it forth."

"Yes," added Mr. Ferguson, "but it is strange even now to see houses built quite on the mountain; I was much struck with this when I ascended it; the people seem so accustomed to danger that they do not heed it."

"Now, papa," said Edith, "do settle when we are to go up the mountain. Harry and Donald both want to go as much as I do, and Rose too."

"Well, my Edith, suppose we ask Mr. and Mrs. Vernon to let it be your birthday treat? for it will be so pleasant if they will join our party. But then you must promise to be very obedient and careful—as steady and demure as a girl nine years old on that day ought to be."

"O yes, dear papa! what a beautiful treat that

will be for my birthday! Do go, Mr. Vernon, and let Harry go. And shall not you enjoy it very much too, dear Mary?"

"I shall be so afraid," replied Mary, "that some lava will come pouring out on us."

"O no, Mary," replied Mr. Ferguson, "there never is an eruption without a great many signs first. One you can easily tell yourself,—no smoke comes out of the crater for days before, so that you would not know it to be a burning mountain."

"When is your birthday, Edith?" asked Mrs. Vernon.

"The 19th of December, Mrs. Vernon; that is to-morrow week."

The children all vastly enjoyed chatting over the treat; and as they were talking about it, Mrs. Vernon reminded Harry she should want a flower to press from the place. They all began to gather some, and Harry ran to his mamma with one such a bright yellow, almost flame-colour. He laughed and said, "That would just do to remind her of fiery Vesuvius, which they had been hearing so much about."

As they returned from the Cape Misenum, Mr. Ferguson pointed out a tomb by the road side, which is said to be that of Agrippina, the mo-

ther of Nero. She was murdered by her own son, and a few years afterwards he killed himself.

When the party arrived at the little inn they were glad to find the lunch ready. The cloth was laid on a piece of marble which once belonged to some house, and the children were sent to roll some smaller stones as seats. Harry thought it would make it more comfortable to get a cushion of moss for his mamma, and aunt, and Mrs. Ferguson; he found a little and some very small twigs, so he made them quite a pleasant seat. A merry and a hearty meal they all had of it. The scene before them was so very beautiful, that for a long time all sat still to enjoy it. The round Temple of Mercury was just below them, and then the pier of Baiæ, with quite a bustling group of fishermen on it; the quiet and deep-blue water of the bay reflected a few passing clouds; Puzzuoli beyond, and then Vesuvius smoking and fuming away in the distance.

Mr. Ferguson turned to Mr. Vernon, remarking, "That often since he had been in Italy, he had remembered what is recorded in the first chapter of Genesis. After the creation of the world and all in it, it is written, 'And God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good.'"

"Yes," added Mr. Vernon, "and then, as David says, 'All thy works praise Thee.' How well such works accord with the title of the 'God of love!'"

Little Hugh was seated on his uncle's knee; he looked thoughtful for a moment, and then, turning up his pretty bright face, he said, "Uncle, it is not kind of God to make burning mountains, is it?"

Mr. Vernon smiled, and replied, "Yes, my little Hugh, it is very kind; for inside this world of ours there is a great deal of fire, and heat, and smoke; and then these burning mountains are just like great chimneys. Look at Vesuvius now, what a large cloud of smoke is hanging over it. If it were not for that we should have earthquakes and many sad things. You see it lets out the fire."

Hugh's face brightened, and he said, "Then it is kind of God to make Vesuvius; but I am very glad, uncle, we have not such a great chimney in England."

"And so am I," added Mary.

"Well, we shall see," said Edith, "I do not believe we shall feel frightened, even when clambering up the sides of this great chimney. We are to go, are we not, Mrs. Vernon?"

And then all the children came to her, begging that such a treat might be given them.

Mrs. Vernon asked her husband, what he thought of it?

After a little talk amongst the papas and mammas, it was settled that if the 19th of December were fine, they would go and peep down into the crater.

Mrs. Hugh Vernon and her little boy were to remain at home, as she was not well enough for such fatigue, and Hugh not old enough.

In driving home they stopped to see three small lakes—the first was the Lucrine Lake. Mr. Ferguson made the children laugh by telling them that Pliny says, that, in his time, a large dolphin lived in it, and was made so tame by a boy, that he would sit upon the fish's back, and cross the lake in this manner.

"How I should like to have had a ride too," said Harry; "but do you think it is true, Mr. Ferguson?"

"Well, my boy, I can hardly say, but as Pliny was a great naturalist, I am quite inclined to believe it. This lake used to be very famous for its oysters, too."

The other lake was called Avernus. It is supposed to be the crater of an extinct volcano, and Virgil, and other ancient writers say, it was called Avernus, because no bird could fly over it, as they always died when they came near, but now water-fowl swim about it.

Harry asked Mr. Ferguson if the grotto were near this place, in which a dog is put and seems to die.

"No, Harry," replied Mr. Ferguson, "but it is not very far off," so they all drove to the Lake Agnano. This water appears to boil, from the numbers of bubbles at the surface. The children put in their hands and it was quite warm. Mary screamed all at once, for near her were lying four large snakes. Mr. Vernon went up to them and found they were dead. The guide explained to him, that these snakes and other reptiles fall into the water from the hills around, and the water being hot and salt they are soon killed by it. The guide now led them to the famous "Grotto del Cane," as it is called. This means "Grotto of the dog." Pliny mentions this curious place, and there it is, just the same as he saw it.

It looks nothing more than a small cave, and near it were some large dogs. One of these is held by the neck just at the entrance of the grotto, he first struggles violently, and then seems to die, but after bringing it into the fresh air it soon recovers again.

None of the party wished to see the poor dog operated upon; so the man lighted a torch, and the instant he put it into the cavern it went out. A pistol was loaded and held in and he pulled the

they all four started to Virgil's Tomb. It is just outside the top of the grotto of Posilipo, on the Naples side.

As it is more than half way up the steep hill, they kept ascending, till all at once the road made a turn, and then, as they stopped for a moment the view burst upon them! A cold rainy night had given all the distant mountains a beautiful covering of snow, even Vesuvius had a crown of it; the sun was shining with great brilliancy, but still there were large white clouds occasionally hiding its rays, and giving fine lights and shadows to the scenery! But it is a view quite impossible to describe.

"No wonder," said Mr. Ferguson, "that Virgil so constantly made this beautiful spot his study, and selected it for his burial place! The name of the hill, 'Posilipo,' means 'A cessation of sorrow,' and certainly if earthly beauty can banish trouble, this must."

"It is indeed beautiful," added Mr. Vernon.

They now entered a garden and vineyard, the vines were festooned from one tree to another, the leaves wore their bright autumn tints of red and yellow, a little way beyond there were a number of tombs. This used to be the English burying ground. Many of them were broken, and Mr. Ferguson said, that a very bad spirit amongst

some of the Neapolitans had led them to injure the tombs of the heretics, as they consider us. So the king had granted another spot of ground nearer the city, which was safely and reverently walled in.

A little farther on, shaded by trees, and creeping plants, was the tomb of Virgil. The urn which contained his ashes and the door too are gone.

"How old is this tomb, papa?" said Harry.

"Virgil died nineteen years before the birth of our Lord, so it is more than eighteen hundred years old. He was only fifty when he died, but how much he did in his lifetime! You remember, he wrote the *Georgics* at Naples, by the desire of the Emperor Augustus, to encourage the taste for agriculture amongst the Romans."

"Yes," replied Mr. Ferguson, "and how well he was respected amongst them, so that whenever he entered the theatre, however crowded, all the audience rose up to him as to an emperor. I think, boys, you will feel a double interest in learning your *Æneid* now that you have seen Virgil's tomb."

"O yes, we shall," added Harry; "I should like, Donald, to bring our lessons here to learn sometimes."

"Very well," he replied, "we can try it for once."

They then scrambled up the hill, hoping to enjoy a pleasant walk and fine view along the top of it; but to their surprise and disappointment, the road they entered had a high wall on each side of it. On they went hoping it would soon end; but they found it did not for more than a mile. A steep rough road then led them down into the bustling, dirty streets of Naples.

CHAPTER V.

THE 19th of December came at last; and, strange to say, four different children in Naples jumped out of bed before sunrise, to see if the day were fine!

Edith was queen of the day, and as she dressed, a gentle tap came at the door. She opened it, but nothing was to be seen excepting a basket of beautiful flowers. They covered, as she soon found, several parcels done up in white paper; first came a beautiful Prayer-book from her papa and mamma, with a gold clasp, then a box full of beads, arranged in different colours, with needles, and silk, &c., from Rose.

Donald, too, had sent his gift, the figure of a sailor asleep in his fishing-basket, all cut out of the different coloured lava of Vesuvius. Mrs. Vernon had given her a doll, with clothes made by herself, all excepting the cap, which was Mary's

present; and Harry had bought her a box very prettily inlaid with different sorts of wood. This, he told her afterwards, he thought would do to hold her shells, and anything else they might bring from Vesuvius. Little Hugh, too, was as anxious as any one to remember Edith's birthday, so he had spent all his money in buying her a fine piece of white coral.

Edith was delighted with her basket full of flowers and presents; but before she had looked at them half long enough, the breakfast bell rang.

Many kind wishes were waiting for her in the breakfast-room, and many true, hearty thanks were returned by Edith.

"Now children," said Mr. Ferguson, "remember, one rule I lay down to-day, which is not to be broken, you must not think and then act for yourselves, but in everything obey me or Mr. Vernon and the guides."

"You must quite understand this, because the ascent of a mountain like Vesuvius, more than two thousand, nearly three thousand feet high, is dangerous."

They all promised faithful obedience, and with very thick shoes, and thick sticks for the gentlemen of the party, off they all started. They met the Vernons at the railway station; the horn was blown, for the guard uses one at starting instead

of a bell, or whistle as with us, and twenty minutes brought them to the small town of Resina.

Here they all left the train, and went to a house in which the principal guide lives. He had received orders, so eight horses and ponies were in readiness, some guides, and a few ragged boys who went for their own pleasure.

Mary was not of the party, she had a cold ; besides which, being such a coward, Mr. Vernon felt it quite the best plan to leave her at home.

Edith was amused to find her pony named "Macaroni;" he was rather a frisky little fellow, but she rode well, and soon understood how to manage him. The party trotted on pretty comfortably at first, but then large stones in the road made it necessary to walk the horses. Edith was very fond of taking the lead, so when a smooth piece of road came, she pressed on, passing all the rest.

"Mind, you Queen Edith," said her papa, "it needs steady and slow riding here."

"Oh ! yes, papa, but I so like being first."

Harry felt the same, and asked Mr. Ferguson if he might pass to ride by the side of Edith. So there the two went, leading the procession, the guides of course keeping close to them.

There were vineyards part of the way, growing

on the lava, a little earth giving them sufficient nourishment, but soon they ceased; and miles of black, desolate lava, raised in heaps like waves of the sea, were seen, and not a sound was to be heard but the tramp of the horses' feet.

After an hour's ride they reached the Hermitage, as it is called, a small inn; here the baskets of provisions were left, and again they rode on.

The horses had sometimes to take a long step from stone to stone, and a hard matter some of the party found it to keep their seats.

Edith's merry laugh was heard above all the rest, as she looked back and saw one horse after another slowly straining up the ascent after her. At last all had to dismount and clamber up the cone of the mountain as best they could. The ladies had straps put round their waists, and were pulled up by the guides.

As for the children, they clambered up like goats, but soon turned into very black goats, from the ashes and rubbish which they had to climb over. They got on quicker than the rest, but were called to a halt by Mr. Ferguson. For more than an hour were they toiling and climbing up the cone. Every now and then the ground trembled under them, and a rumbling noise came like thunder. Edith and Harry gained the top

first, but were so tired, they threw themselves on the ground at once to get breath. One after another of the party appeared, and after resting a minute or two, they walked to the edge of the crater. It looked like an immense basin filled with fire and ashes.

There they all stood in silence, looking down into it. The first feeling was that of dread, almost horror.

After awhile two of the guides went down into it, and taking some eggs out of their pockets, roasted them by putting them at the edge of the burning lava.

Mr. Vernon managed to cut a loaf into small strips, but then the difficulty was, how to hold the hot egg. So he screwed up some paper into a shape something like egg-cups, and all the party sat down to eat their lunch.

After an eruption the crater is often more than two hundred feet deep, but now it was very full, only about thirteen feet from the top. The guides helped the party down into it; for part of the lava cools in black stripes, and though this is only a crust with fire underneath, it was strong enough to bear them, though the guides always knock it well with their sticks, as they can tell by the sound whether it is thick. There was something so fearful and wonderful in thus walk-

ing on the thin crust over molten fire, with heavy streams of red-hot lava slowly oozing out of fiery clefts on each side, that even Edith could not enjoy it. Near the middle of the crater the lava was heaped up to a great height, forming a sort of chimney, out of this the smoke and red-hot stones and lava were pouring forth. As they came rather near it, the smell was so suffocating, that it seemed best for none but the gentlemen to go up it. Harry begged hard to go too, so they went on, and actually climbed up this chimney, and looked right down into it, as well as the smoke would let them.

They were obliged to be very careful to get the opposite side to the one towards which the smoke was blown, or they would have been choked. The noise was like the hoarse puffing of some monstrous railway-engine. It occurred about half as frequently as one breathes. Mr. Ferguson remarked, "The poets fabled that one Enceladus, a horrible giant, was, for his crimes, buried under Etna, another burning mountain, and by his writhings and bellowings, caused all that happened. You can imagine some such giant so buried under Vesuvius; he breathes only half as quickly as we do, and at every breath he clears his throat of a quantity of lava; coughing it up into the air, making a great noise!"

Some of the party were not sorry to leave this wonderful crater, and when they had clambered out of it, long did they stand watching one explosion after another, out of the mouth of this fiery giant.

Edith asked her papa what Enceladus had done.

"Amongst other things he had conspired against Jupiter," replied Mr. Ferguson; "so Jupiter struck him with his thunders, and overwhelmed him with Mount Etna. Whenever he moves his weary sides, all Sicily trembles. So much for heathen mythology."

"Look behind you," said Mr. Ferguson.

All turned round. They had been so engrossed with the crater, that the splendid view of the whole country had been quite forgotten. The change of scene was very strange,—it almost startled them!

"I certainly think," said Mr. Vernon, "the four elements, earth, air, fire, and water, can never be seen in such perfection anywhere else. What a scene of wonderful beauty!"

The circumference of the crater is three miles and a half, so, of course, they did not walk round it.

Amongst the rocks where they stood, the children found some fine pieces of coloured lava, but

they hunted in vain for the jewels. At last, Mr. Ferguson called out that "he had found a piece of amethyst."

He gave it to Harry, knowing his love for minerals and relics ; but it was Edith's birthday, so Harry gave it at once to her ; "It will be the first thing to put in your box, Edith," he added.

They searched about for some time, and found all sorts of treasures, and some small pieces of amethyst and emerald. The scene was so beautiful, that, when the party turned to look at the crater again, they did not seem to feel half the fear which the first sight had given them. The guides pointed out a hill in the Bay of Bæia, called Monte Nuovo.

The children remembered passing it when they spent the day there. This, the men told them, was formed in thirty-six hours, by a large volcano, which rose up in the sea, in the middle of the bay ; and vomited forth rocks, and ashes, and cinders, on the land. It buried a village underneath this hill. The volcano remained for six weeks, and then sunk down again, and the sea looked as if nothing of the sort had happened. This occurred three hundred years ago. The whole country about Naples is very volcanic.

The time now came to descend the mountain. Each one took hold of the hand of a guide. The

side they went down was covered with ashes, and an opposite one to that they had come up. It was so very steep, that they were obliged to lean back, almost as if they were going to lie down; their feet sank into the ashes above the ankle at each step.

Presently Edith begged her guide to stop, as she saw some pretty pieces of lava. Now, her papa had warned her, on no account, to leave go of the man's hand; but, forgetting this, she stooped to pick up a fine white piece, lost her balance, and over she rolled. A scream as she fell, made all see the accident. Over and over she went; her poor nose having so many blows, and forehead too, that had it not been for a small rock which stopped her, she would have been dreadfully hurt. As it was, when the guide came up to her, she appeared stunned, and her nose was bleeding sadly. He took her in his arms, and fortunately, they were near the bottom of the cone, so he descended, and laid her down, till the rest of the party came up.

Poor Edith soon recovered herself, and as she saw her mamma coming with a most anxious face, Edith smiled, and asked her to look if she had any nose left, for it had so many rubs against the ashes. It was still bleeding, so the kind guide insisted on carrying her to the Hermitage. Here

her face was bathed, but it looked swollen and bruised. Mr. Ferguson did not like to reprove her as seriously as he would otherwise have done, for the poor girl had received her own punishment in the fall, but he reminded her of the broken promise, and of the necessity for such a promise in so difficult an excursion.

They were all quite ready for a second lunch, the wine they drank was made from a vineyard on the mountain, and the macaroni made from a spring of water that rises out of Vesuvius.

But, alas! when the time came for them to mount the horses, each one of the party was so stiff and tired, that Donald wished he had never come. Slowly the horses picked their way amongst the stones.

Edith was not allowed to ride "Macaroni" in returning, as the guide said, he thought the young lady and the pony were too much alike—both too frisky and fond of getting first. So she came last of all.

After dismounting at Resina, Mr. Ferguson told them Herculaneum was buried underneath this village, and the next, Portici; and cannot be excavated on that account, excepting about a quarter of a mile. The train soon arrived, and very weary and very stiff were all the party as they stepped into it. When Mr. and Mrs. Vernon

said "Good-by" to Edith, and again wished her many happy returns of the day, hoping she might grow wiser as well as happier, she hung down her head, and blushed very red indeed. However, looking up, she said, "I hope I shall, and not roll down Vesuvius again."

It was six o'clock before Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, and Harry, reached home. Mary and her mamma were standing at the top of the stairs to meet them, and to tell them a gentleman was waiting to see Mr. Vernon. He gave a groan, and wished this gentleman, whoever he was, had not come when he was so desperately tired. However, in he walked, and seated on the sofa, who should he see, but his brother, Mr. Hugh Vernon, little Hugh was on his papa's knee, looking as happy as a little king!

Mr. Vernon had not seen his brother for two years. And then in came Mrs. Vernon, and they had such a happy meeting all together.

Mrs. Hugh Vernon said, that as she, and Mary, and Hugh, were looking through the telescope at Vesuvius, hoping to see some of the party there, they could not succeed, so she looked through it to the end of the street, and to her great joy, saw her husband coming in an open carriage. "So you see, dear brother," she added, addressing Mr.

Vernon, "we 'stay-at-homes,' have had great delight as well as you."

Harry, after dinner, laid himself down on a great tiger skin, which his uncle had just brought, listening very attentively at first to his interesting conversation, but he soon sank into a deep sleep, and heard no more about India that night, for his papa woke him, and helped him off to bed.

Harry was down first the next morning, and his uncle followed soon after.

"Good morning, Harry," he said, as he entered the room, "what are you looking at so earnestly out of the window, and with a telescope, too?"

Harry—"At Vesuvius, uncle, I was trying to find out the Hermitage, and the chimney in the crater, it is so high, you can see it above the top of the mountain. Just look, uncle, I wish you had been with us yesterday."

Mr. H. Vernon—"I see what you mean ; so you call that the chimney, do you?"

Harry—"Yes, uncle, and do you know, Mr Ferguson told us, that before a great eruption of the mountain, that chimney falls in, and then there is no escape for the fire ; so after being smothered in this way for a few days, it won't bear it any longer, and out it bursts, sometimes

making a new hole for itself. One crater opened some years ago, at the side, just by that other half of the mountain, and a large stream of lava came pouring down, and destroyed a great many houses. Was it not sad?"

Mr. H. Vernon—"Yes, but it is not very wise to live so near such an enemy I think. Now tell me, Harry, what you like best of all that you have seen in Italy?"

Harry—"I really can hardly tell you, uncle; certainly, Vesuvius is a great deal the most wonderful thing, but that did not make us feel happy exactly. We must show you, uncle, Virgil's tomb. Mr. Ferguson said the best view of Naples, is from there, and then I had never seen snowy mountains before. You see that one just opposite, across the bay, which looks so high and near to us, it had so much snow, and a great many large white clouds were in the sky, so we could hardly tell which was mountain, and which was cloud; and Vesuvius, too, had ever so much snow, and the white smoke came rolling out,—it looked so beautiful, that I like to remember that view very much. Papa told me the favourite mountain of mine is called Monte Angelica, and is more than four thousand feet high; it seems quite to rise out of the bay, does it not, uncle?"

Mr. H. Vernon—"Yes it does, indeed; but,

Harry, I have travelled amongst the Himalayah mountains in India, and they are four and five times that height."

After breakfast all felt too tired to walk ; as for poor Mrs. Vernon, she was so stiff and weary, that she had to lie on the sofa all day.

The following Monday all Naples seemed busy, for the next day was Christmas-day. All the shops were dressed out with evergreens, and ribbons, and pictures, and some of the small houses too. Presently they heard bagpipes, and Harry, and Mary, and Hugh, were much amused to hear the odd sounds which that instrument made ; and as they were just dressed for a walk, Mr. Vernon and his brother started off with them. They noticed these musicians were playing before some picture in each house, and Mr. Vernon asked the men " why ?"

They told him these pictures were of the Virgin Mary, and they did it to amuse her. He asked them if they thought she could hear it ?

" O dear yes," was the reply ; and the men seemed quite shocked that Mr. Vernon could have doubted it.

Almost every poor house in Naples has such a picture, with one or more candles burning before it ; and the poor people save up their money at Christmas to pay these bagpipers, thinking the

Virgin Mary will bless them if they thus try to amuse her.

As they were all walking in the principal street of Naples, called the Toledo, they met Mr. Ferguson and his children, and Donald. He told Mr. Vernon he had just obtained leave from one of his tradespeople to stand on the staircase of the king's palace, and see all the Christmas presents pass by for the king.

He begged Mr. Vernon and his brother to go also, and take the children. So off they all went. A great many soldiers were about the court-yard, and one very civilly showed them the back staircase, up which the things were to be carried.

Mr. Ferguson said he was amused to find that all the king's tradespeople were *obliged* to send a present: these were not to be considered therefore as presents generally are, proofs of love and kind feeling.

A landing-place on the staircase was just reached in time to see the pastrycook's presents.

First came a large cake covered with sugar, like a twelfth-cake; the ornaments on it were very grand indeed, all made of sugar. Then came a ship, made entirely of barley-sugar, and baskets made of the same. The children all thought them far too pretty to eat. Baskets of bon-bon's followed, and then a little house, made partly of barley-

sugar, and partly of small nuts, the shape of an almond, only smaller. They are found in the cone of a beautiful fir-tree, called the stone pine, which grow all over Italy.

Edith—"Do you know how they get those nuts out, Harry?"

Harry—"No, unless they break the cone open."

Edith—"That would break the nuts too, you know. They put the cone on a charcoal fire, and the heat lifts up all those little lids a fir cone has, and then the nuts are easily taken out."

Donald—"O let us get some for ourselves; I like the nuts very much, they are so sweet."

Rose—"I have two cones at home; I will give you one, Donald, and then we will try and stick the nuts together with barley-sugar. O look at this fruit!"

As she spoke, the man who was carrying a basket of grapes, oranges, pomegranates, and lemons, stopped to let them all look at them. They were all very prettily arranged, with small bouquets of flowers between each fine specimen of fruit, quite giants in their way; and all round the basket, and over the handle, different creeping-flowers were twisted.

After this man had passed, a small fig-tree, laden with ripe fruit, was carried by; the whole tree

being not more than half a yard high, and in a small pot. It was a regular dwarf, but a very perfect one. Orange and lemon trees, about the same size, and full of fruit, were brought by afterwards.

Then came cages full of birds, and so many more presents, that they became tired of standing so long. They walked round the room in which all these pretty things were put, and just as they were leaving, after quite enjoying the sight, the king entered with his two little boys, and went all round the room too.

In the evening, as Harry and Mary were quietly reading their books in the drawing-room, a gun was let off close to their house. Poor Mary, as usual, jumped up and seemed quite frightened; but before they had time to look out of window, bang came another gun, and then another, till you would almost have thought a review of the soldiers was taking place, or something of that sort. Mary ran into the next room, where they were dining, to know if her papa could tell her what it all meant.

"We have just heard," said her papa, "that this firing is a sign of rejoicing, as to-morrow is Christmas-day; and it will continue all night from the churches, and so we shall have had enough of it I expect by the morning."

And they certainly had enough of it; none of them could sleep long together, especially as a Jesuit church was only a few doors off. Very early in the morning the vessels in the bay let off their guns too, so the noise was worse than ever.

Christmas-day proved to be very hot and sunny, and as they walked to church, Mr. Vernon pointed out to Harry some boys in the distance bathing in the sea. Mr. Ferguson preached a sermon that the youngest child present could understand.

He reminded them of the shepherds in the field keeping watch over their flock by night, and how startled they must have been when the angel of the Lord appeared to them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them. He then described how graciously the angel bid them "Fear not," for Christ the Saviour was born unto them; and then burst forth the angel's song, sung by a multitude of the heavenly host, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

When this glorious song was ended, this music of heaven heard on earth, the angels went away. Very dark must the night have then appeared after the glory of the Lord had been shining round about. The shepherds went with haste to Bethlehem, and there they found the young child lying in a manger; and the shepherds returned, praising God for all they had seen and heard.

Mr. Ferguson often referred them to the Bible in his sermon, and Harry and Mary always liked to turn to the passages read by him. He then reminded all present to be very thankful in commemorating such a day, that each one could read about it in the Bible for themselves, and entreated them to pity and pray for the thousands around who never saw a Bible, and were not allowed to see or read one, but were taught their religion by shows and images.

As soon as the service was over and they were in the street, Harry asked his papa if the Roman Catholics had any shows in their churches then?

"Yes, Harry, in all, and to-morrow you shall go and see them—they are far too crowded to-day."

Roast beef, and plum pudding for dinner made it quite like Christmas-day in England, especially when a large log of wood was brought and laid on the dog-irons, in the hearth, which support the wood when burning; for no coals are used in Italy, so there are no grates like ours.

The next morning, soon after breakfast, the children were taken into the Jesuit church near at hand. As they entered, a strange scene opened upon them,—on one side of the nave,—but railed off, were about twenty large figures, cut out in wood, and dressed like men and women, nearly the size

of life ; in the middle was a grand cradle, with a large wax doll in it, like a baby, and its mother sitting by the side. This was intended for the infant Jesus. As they were looking at it some poor people came in, and knelt down before the show, and began saying their prayers, looking at the doll very devoutly, and crossing themselves a great many times.

Harry and Mary watched them with great astonishment, for they really seemed to be worshipping these images.

Mr. Vernon asked the sacristan, that is, the man who shows the church, " How long these figures remained in it ? "

The man smiled, and said, " Oh for some weeks ; and you know the baby grows, so if you like, you shall go into the workshop behind the church, and you shall see the older baby. "

It seemed quite to amuse him to show the children the large doll. Round the side of the room were other wooden figures, with crowns on their heads, and very gaily dressed. These the man said were the five kings who came to make presents to the young Saviour—one of the kings was a black man, and a great fright. The sacristan took the large black hand off the image—for they partly take to pieces—and put it by the side of little Hugh's, laughing heartily at the difference of size.

Mr. Vernon asked him, why the priests allow all these figures to be dressed up and put into a church?

"Because that is the only way these poor ignorant people can understand religion," was his answer.

"You see, Harry," said Mr. Vernon, "the priests love to keep the people in ignorance, because then all this nonsense is believed by them. The Bible does not mention kings, but wise men, coming from the east with their offerings—very few of the priest's ever read the Bible, so no wonder they are ignorant of its histories."

After leaving the church, they noticed in the streets, every now and then, groups of people, one after another, looking through a hole into a box. They went up to them and there again was the scene of the birth of Christ. Little wax dolls dressed very gaily, and a doll in the cradle. Some of these shows were in boxes with a glass lid, very prettily done, but often very absurd. Mr. Vernon and the children looked in and passed on. He said, "that Mr. Ferguson had told him the King of Naples had been away for three or four weeks, at a palace of his in the country, where he had been busily engaged dressing dolls, and with his own hand arranging many hundred figures, of men, women, children, and animals,

to represent the nativity; he made quite a religion of it. A room in the palace was filled with the show."

"Papa," said Harry, "why is it those ugly monks and nuns are always amongst the dolls? No people dressed in that way when Jesus Christ was born, did they?"

"Oh no, Harry," replied his papa, "such people were never heard of then, nor for a very long time afterwards, but of course the poor people who come and kneel before these shows, do not know this, and look upon it all as true."

CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. HUGH VERNON had for some time been ill, so her husband determined to leave Naples ere long, leaving time for a trip to Pompeii. He and Mrs. Vernon called on Mr. Ferguson, to ask him and his party to join them. All were delighted to go excepting Mrs. Ferguson, who begged Mr. Hugh Vernon to let her spend part of the day with his wife, as she was unable to go.

The plan was arranged accordingly, three baskets of provisions being provided, and at ten o'clock in the morning the party were off to Pompeii by railroad. They passed through Resina, whence they had started ten days before for Vesuvius. After this the railroad had been cut through fields of lava, and very gloomy and peculiar it looked as the train hurried through one cutting after another of it.

At last the carriage stopped—"Pompeii" was

—

called out by the guards—but a small station and large fields were all that was to be seen. The party alighted, many guides came pressing round them to be hired. One was fixed on, and he led them first through some cotton fields. Each plant was about a foot high, and had a great many pods growing on it, which fortunately were just ripe, and had begun to burst the shell, showing the white cotton inside. The children were each allowed to gather a pod, and to pick up a few that had fallen off and were injured.

Presently these cotton fields ended, and they had to clamber over mounds of cinders, and after walking nearly a mile, at one of the gates of the city appeared a soldier, as sentry, pacing up and down before it.

After passing through the gate, two guides to the city were provided, and a “chaise à porteur” for Mrs. Vernon; that is an arm-chair, carried on two poles, just like a sedan-chair.

The street they first entered was the Via Appia, which joins the “Street of Tombs,” it is paved with lava. The first object they came to was the Villa of Diomedes. His skeleton was found in it, with a key in one hand, and gold coins and ornaments in the other. Behind him was another skeleton, with vases of silver and bronze, and in different cellars and passages many other skeletons

were found, also that of the mistress, as it was supposed, whose jewels and purse were mentioned as having been put in the Museum.

The house is two stories high, but with no roof, this is the case in all the houses; it is supposed the weight of cinders broke them in, or else that, being hot, they set fire to the wood work, and so fell in.

The children were all quite amused with the paintings on the walls inside the rooms.

Mr. Ferguson told them, they would see this in all the houses. "It is called fresco painting," he added, "and is done when the plaster on the walls is wet, so that it had to be painted very quickly, and no rubbing out," he said, with a smile to Edith.

"Then, papa," she answered, "it is quite certain I could never be a fresco painter. I never can get on with my drawing without my old friend, Indian-rubber."

"But I hope some day you will, my girl," said Mr. Ferguson, "and sketch as easily from nature as Mr. Vernon is doing at this present time."

Mr. Vernon nodded his head at Edith, and said, "I intend when we are tired, and glad of a rest, to have a sketching match with you young folks."

The rooms of the house were small, but very numerous. Upstairs was a bath room, with all

the pipes and cocks ready, and looking so fresh and strong, it seemed impossible to believe they were eighteen hundred years old! On the ground floor were more baths, for bathing in those days was considered much more of a necessary of life than it is now.

"This room," said Mr. Ferguson to the children, "is called the tepidarium, and is where the bathers were scraped with a strigil, and then anointed with oils and perfumes."

"What! scraped like a horse, Mr. Ferguson?" asked Harry.

"Well," he replied, "the Romans used to do something like it. You remember surely reading about it in history, and of the long process it was."

"I remember something about it, but had forgotten the scraping part."

Some of the sitting rooms opened upon a terrace, from this there were steps into the garden. It was just as Diomedes had left it, with its narrow straight paths, and a fountain in a large stone basin in the centre. Mr. Ferguson pulled up a little plant of a fern called Venus's hair, which grows wild all over Italy, and gave it to Mrs. Vernon to press, as a relic.

"Oh, thank you," she replied, "but if you have no objection, I will rather try and make it grow, for my gardener at home has a great fancy for ferns, and we shall all so prize it."

The children got some earth, and it was bound up very carefully, and put in Rose's basket.

The guide told them that in a small room, which he pointed out, were found spades, and rakes, &c., for gardening, and in another room the remains of a carpet.

They next visited the cellars; they were long and almost dark passages, still containing amphoræ or wine jars.

"What an odd shape the jars are," said Donald, "look here, they all end in a point, why they cannot stand alone any more, than a man with one wooden leg."

"They were generally pushed into sand, Donald," replied Mr. Ferguson, "but I certainly think the shape rather absurd. I suppose in pouring out the wine, this point would be held by the right hand, and the handle by the left, then it would be easily emptied."

It was in this cellar many of the family took refuge, and the guide pointed out the outline of a woman's figure; she had leant against the wall, and the cinders pressing the body against it, this impression had been left; the skeleton was found in the cinders. This was a sad sight, and the party hastened on.

After leaving the house, on the opposite side of the way, was the tomb of Diomedes, of white

marble, with an inscription on it as belonging to his family quite fresh. Little did he think when having it made that his own house would be his burial place instead of his tomb. Many tombs now lined the road, all white, and fresh, and well made. There was a particularly interesting one to Faustus ; on the face of the tomb a vessel going into port was cut in the marble. On another tomb a wreath of laurel leaves was sculptured in the same way, and behind you could look into it, and see all the urns, each one in its niche, containing the ashes of the dead.

They now came to the walls of the city, which were three miles in circumference, and had four entrances : this was called the Herculaneum Gate. Before they entered, the guide pointed out the stone sentry-box, in which the faithful soldier's helmet, lance, crest, and skeleton were found. An ivy had grown over the roof, and as Mrs. Vernon gathered some leaves of it, she said to Harry, " This faithful clinging ivy is just the right leaf to remember this spot by, is it not ? "

" Yes, mamma ; how we shall enjoy looking over your book of leaves and flowers when we are safe at home again. "

Before they passed through the gate, the guide showed them some walls of a house which was once an inn. No strangers were allowed to sleep

inside the city walls. Mrs. Vernon seated herself in her chair, to her own and the children's amusement, and off the men carried her, for they now entered a very long and narrow street. No sound was to be heard, not even the chirrup of a bird or the hum of a bee, nothing but the tread of the men, for all the rest of the party stood still, as Mrs. Vernon was thus carried off.

"This is indeed 'the city of the dead,'" remarked Mr. Vernon.

"Yes," added his brother, "it reminds one of the desert in its stillness."

They all walked silently on till the guide stopped at a house which had belonged to a baker. Mrs. Vernon arrived there first, and showed them a little flower she had gathered, which was growing inside a brick oven. The walls of the rooms were painted in fresco, and the floors of mosaic, just like the first house they had seen.

After exploring several other houses they all felt hungry and tired, so the guides proposed they should lunch in the house of Sallust. The rooms were built round three sides of a small garden, and at the fourth side were some pillars. These once had a roof, and formed the triclinium, or summer dining-room. There was a large mar

ble pedestal of a table, and marble seats round, so it was thought just the right place to lunch.

A very happy lunch they made of it, and then came the sketching match. Pencils and paper were given by Mr. Vernon. At the back of the house the excavations had not been carried on, so a few feet above the house was a bank of cinders, with vineyards growing on them, and then behind that, far above everything else, rose Vesuvius smoking away.

"Now," said Mr. Vernon, "come out here; we will have this garden and our dining-room in the foreground, and then the vineyards and Vesuvius behind."

Donald said "he knew he could not sketch anything so difficult as that."

"Oh, never mind," replied Edith, "I can't either, excepting the smoke of Vesuvius; look what a fine smudge I have made with my finger, but it looks very soft like smoke after all."

"No, no, Miss Edith," said Mr. Vernon, "that will never do. You must draw the things nearest to you first. Remember I only allow a quarter of an hour for the sketch."

Little Hugh was, of course, too young to be of this industrious party, so he amused himself by lying down on a path in the garden, and picking

up a few bright-looking stones, and to his joy one small shell !

“ Now, children,” said Mr. Vernon, “ the time is up, bring your drawings to me.”

Rose's was by far the best ; she had set steadily to work. Mary's was the next best. She, poor girl, had been in a very uncomfortable temper all the morning, fancying every one was cross, when it was she alone thus afflicted. However, her good success, and her papa's pleasure when she showed him the drawing, put things straight again. Donald and Harry mutually laughed at each other's queer performances ; and as for Edith, she had been so delighted with her smoke, and having no Indian-rubber, as she said, her lines, instead of being straight, were tumbling about in all directions ; very few people would have guessed what the drawing meant. Mr. Vernon's own sketch pleased all the party.

They now left the house, and turned into another street, the name of which was still clearly written in red chalk on the wall of a house. This, with the names of the shopkeepers over the doors, and further on public notices of the gladiatorial games in the amphitheatre, all looked so fresh, that at first it seemed impossible to believe that they had not been chalked up lately ; but no, some Pompeian scribes eighteen hundred years

ago, had thus given to Mr. Vernon and his party, specimens of their handwriting.

The next place visited, was the shop in which the fresco paints and brushes were found, that Harry had seen in the museum ; and a little beyond, the house of the poet, as it is called.

As you enter the hall, a beautiful mosaic picture of a dog, forms the floor, and looks as if it were just going to spring on you, it has this inscription in Latin, "Beware of the dog." This quite pleased the children, it was so well done. The paintings on the walls were very good, one represents the poet reading aloud to a group of friends. Some beautiful gold ornaments were found here, and a good deal of money, with several skeletons.

Opposite this house stood the public baths. There they were all ready to be used, and as the children looked at them in wonder, Mr. Vernon took Edith, and Mr. Ferguson little Hugh, and they popped them both into a bath. "Now Harry," said Mr. Vernon, "turn on the water."

Hugh seemed to expect it would really come, Edith heartily wished it would. But no, so out she jumped, after one or two attempts, and Mr. Vernon lifted Hugh out again.

There were some bronze seats left in the rooms, and a few other things.

"What a pity it is," said Mr. Vernon, "the king will not allow one house to be left with all the lamps and other furniture in it, just as it was when first excavated, instead of having them all taken to the museum."

"It is, indeed," replied Mr. Ferguson, "but he is afraid of having things stolen, I suppose."

Several other houses of interest were seen, in some the children were quite amused to notice in the pictures on the walls, that serpents are often painted round the necks of the ladies, and crawling about the room. Mr. Ferguson told them, "that these were sacred animals, amongst the Pompeians, and never allowed to be killed, but made quite tame. The ladies wore them round their necks for coolness."

"Oh, dear me," cried Mary, "how I should dislike it, and to make pets of them, too."

In most of the houses, they noticed a small altar for the lares, or household gods, frightful little images, which Harry and Mary saw in the museum. Some of these altars are covered with shells, glued on, in different patterns, others are of marble, or mosaic work.

They now came to the Forum, as it is called, a large open space with temples, courts of justice, and other buildings round it, amongst them the

prison, in which skeletons were found with chains to the arms and legs.

The temple of Venus has a flight of steps up to the top of it. After carefully ascending, they found growing on the roof, a small orange tree, which must have grown from a pip of the fruit, left by some people there. Mr. Vernon dug it up very carefully for his wife, and as all were very thirsty, he proposed to sit down, and have an orange a piece, and leave some more pips to grow. There was no one to object to this, and they quite enjoyed the rest.

The guide told them that this part of the city appeared to have suffered much from an earthquake, some months before its destruction, and pointed out to them several buildings which were being repaired at the time, but all in vain.

Poor giddy Edith, must needs go first down the stairs, and was so anxious to run out and see how the others looked at the top of the temple, that down she fell, and descended the last four steps a great deal quicker than she intended, getting a sprained wrist to amuse her all the way home. However, she made the best of it, and kissed little Hugh, though he did call her a "clumsy tumbler."


The amphitheatre was some way off, so Mrs.

Vernon proposed walking herself, that some of the children might ride. Edith chatted away Italian with the men, who would have her, and Mary, and Hugh, all sit in the chair together, and the three young rogues, instead of looking at the houses, were full of fun, trying to turn their carriage over, by all leaning on one side, but the men were quite up to them, and laughed heartily, and to pay them out, they trotted off so fast, that bump, bump, went the children, till they could laugh no longer.

The ancient rusty marks of cart wheels were on the stones of the road in many streets, but no remains of carts have been found.

The guide stopped them at a house which once belonged to a sculptor, and there in the yard were different pieces of marble, which he had begun to chisel; all looked so fresh and uninjured, that Mr. Hugh Vernon said, "Surely the man must have just left his work to get his dinner!"

At last, after leaving the streets which had been excavated, and going through a vineyard, planted on the bed of ashes that covered numbers of houses which have not yet been dug open, they reached the amphitheatre. As they all stood in the arena in its centre, Vesuvius seemed just over them.



"What an awful sight it must have been," said Mr. Ferguson, "to the thousands who were assembled here, seeing the games, when the mountain first burst forth its clouds of ashes, turning day into night! and what screams of terror as they rushed through the passages, hoping to find safety elsewhere, and almost all must have found it, for there have been very few skeletons discovered, to compare with the immense number of the inhabitants of the city."

"So it has struck me," replied Mr. Vernon; "many of the inhabitants are supposed to have afterwards excavated to their houses, and taken all that was moveable from them, are they not?"

Mr. Ferguson—"Yes, and it has been known ever since that the city was buried here, but none have taken the same trouble to excavate, that this king has done."

After roaming about the theatres, all were too tired to see anything more. Mrs. Vernon would have Rose and Hugh ride next, and a long road back, brought them at last to the railway station.

Some sharp cross words were heard as they entered the carriage, so Mrs. Vernon begged all to remember, that after such a day of fatigue and enjoyment, each one must keep a special watch over that troublesome enemy—the temper, or it would get the mastery, and quite spoil

the store busy memory had been collecting all day.

The next morning, as it was holiday time for Harry, he determined to arrange his shells, and stones, and minerals, collected from different places. He had a box with several divisions in it, which he commenced to label, and for half an hour was quite busy.

But unfortunately he began to get tired of it, and thought drawing would be more pleasant; so he went into the next room for his pencils, and was detained there for some long time by an interesting book he chanced to open. When he returned, to his dismay, the servant had come in to lay the cloth for luncheon, and finding the table strewed with stones, &c., he collected them in one heap, and put them on a waiter.

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Harry, "why Graham, you have spoilt my collection, I had sorted everything so carefully, and shall never know which place they came from now."

"I am sorry for that, Master Harry," answered the servant, "they had been left there so long, I did not know what else to do with them."

This was not the first time, by a great many, that such a misfortune had happened to Harry. He knew he ought to have finished what he was about, rather than have begun anything else, and

felt very miserable and humbled, as he began to re-sort his relics, for to quarrel with one's self, is the worst kind of quarrel. Some of them were so alike, he could not remember which place they came from, and he threw them away.

Mr. Hugh Vernon told them at lunch, that he had been to the packet office, and found the vessel did not sail for a week, in which he had arranged to go. All the party were glad enough to hear this. He also told them, that he had hired three horses, to be brought as soon as possible, for himself, Mr. Vernon, and Harry, as he knew they would enjoy a ride.

They determined to visit Cumæ, a very ancient city beyond Puzzuoli.

The day was lovely, and as they rode along the road, Mr. Hugh Vernon said, that much as he had seen of this beautiful world, no scene was so enjoyable to him as the Bay of Naples, and no drive could equal that along its shores.

After riding some miles, they came to the gate of the city, it is called Arco Felice.

"This city," said Mr. Vernon, "is the first that was founded in Italy; so now, Harry, this is the very oldest thing you can see; it was built by the Cumæans, of the island of Eubœa, in Greece, after the burning of Troy. Hannibal tried to bring it into subjection, but did not succeed. At last,

however, it was conquered by Rome. Tarquin the Proud, the last king of the Romans, died here. You will read in history about his refusing to buy the famous books of the Sibyl of Cumæ, which so enraged her that she burnt some of them, and then returned and asked the same price for the remaining books, and at last, after doing this twice, Tarquin gave her as much money for the few remaining books as she had asked for the whole from the first."

Mr. Hugh Vernon—"I understand her grotto is near here, but Mr. Ferguson told me it was not worth seeing, and is merely the entrance to some baths."

Harry—"Papa, who was the Sibyl, and what did she do?"

Mr. Vernon.—"Virgil calls her Deiphobe. Sibyls were women who claimed to be able to foretell future events, and who managed to speak in such an ambiguous way, that whatever happened they might have the credit of having predicted it."

Harry—"How I should like to have seen one!"

After exploring the city, though there is very little now remaining, some children came up to them with bunches of violets. The scent was so sweet, and the colour so far richer and deeper than any they had seen elsewhere, that they bought all the children had.

Mr. Vernon said he remembered reading that the Cumæans extracted a rich purple dye from these flowers, and it might still be done he thought.

After their return home, Mr. Hugh Vernon said he should like to have a farewell party for the children, so a note was written to Mr. Ferguson, and it was arranged they should all come two evenings afterwards.

CHAPTER VII

THE next day Mr. Vernon and his party took a drive to Herculaneum. They stopped at a small house, where a guide and torches were procured, and after descending some steps they came to a large amphitheatre: all was total darkness, except the light which the torches gave. Poor Mary began to be very frightened, and at last made so much fuss about the dark, and begged so hard to go back, that it was determined she should; but, of course, she could not go alone, and her kind aunt said she would return with her, as she might have another opportunity of seeing the theatre; the guide, therefore, took them back.

Meanwhile, little Hugh, who was getting quite a brave boy now, and the rest went groping about; the few torches they had with them did not half

show the extent of the building, and after well exploring every part, they joined Mary and Mrs. Vernon.

"Oh, sister," said Hugh, "you have lost such a funny sight. The guide showed us, when in a passage of the theatre, a large mask which had been carried away by the lava, and there we saw the impression of it in the lava, just as when papa seals a letter."

"Oh, I can quite fancy how that would look," replied Mary,

"But dear aunty has not seen it," added Hugh; "it is better to be brave, sister Mary, and then you know we can all be happy together."

The guide took them to another part of Herculaneum, but only four houses have been excavated. In one of them was a small round bath, which, when the room was opened, contained the skeleton of a little child, and by the side of the bath another skeleton, supposed to have been the nurse.

There was not much else to see, besides a few fountains and small gardens, just like Pompeii, so they drove home.

The next afternoon, Mrs. Vernon, and Harry, and Mary, were quite busy, putting some flowers into vases, many of which the children had been gathering in the morning. They had found some


violets in their walk, but not so fine in colour as Mr. Vernon had brought from Cumæ.

It was Twelfth-day ; a cake had been made by Mrs. Vernon's directions, and beautifully ornamented with barley-sugar figures, and a few in sugar only.

At six o'clock Mr. Ferguson and his party arrived. After tea, just as they were all going to draw for the characters, the servant came in to say that the portress, that is the person who lives just inside the gateway, and to whom all inquiries for the families living in the house are addressed, had requested to speak to Mr. Vernon. She was told to walk in, and then, talking very fast in Italian, told him that some one, dressed in white, and with a large gauze veil thrown over her head, had come into the house, with the request that all the children assembled in it might appear before her, and that as the drawing-room below Mr. Vernon's was vacant, she had shown this singular-looking person in there.

Mr. Vernon looked very much surprised, and turning to his brother, asked him, if he knew any thing about it ?

Mr. Hugh Vernon said, " he had no doubt it was the Neapolitan Sibyl, for he knew she was very fond of children." So he proposed they all should go down, and see her for themselves.



As they all entered the room, the portress said, she had asked the lady her name, and she replied in a mysterious sort of way, "The Sibyl."

She was seated in a chair, her elbow resting on the table, and appeared to be busily reading some very old looking manuscripts. The veil was so thick which covered her face, that but little of her features could be seen. She did not rise from her seat as they entered, but made a slight and very dignified bow to them. She said nothing, and for the first minute all were silent. At last Mr. Hugh Vernon said,

"We are told you call yourself 'The Sibyl,' and wish to see these children, why have you sent for them? Have you any thing to say to them?"

She did not reply immediately, but lifting up the veil, gave each of the children a very earnest, but kind look, and then let it fall again.

They were quite surprised at the beauty of her face, though there was a sadness in it, and a sadness too in the tones of her voice as she replied in perfect English,

"Children, to me, are as flowers—lovely fragile flowers—needing much care and attention, and patient teaching from the wise and the loving, therefore am I come."

Little Hugh became quite pale, and took hold of his mamma's hand. The Sibyl appeared to see

this, for she turned her head towards him, and in quite a playful and happy tone of voice, said,

“ Hugh, little Hugh, pray how do you do ?
A sweet little Violet I call you,
With your cheeks so fresh, and your eyes so blue,
And your bright looks of love, all must love you.”

“ Yes, Hugh Vernon, that is the name the world knows you by, but to me you are the Violet, the deep tinted flower of my Cumæan sister's home. But remember, you must early unfold your leaves to catch the dew-drop, and not turn the face of your opening flowers to earth, but upward, for the bright sun to shine on the petals, and perfect the full depth of their colours ; and then, as your first blossoms are gathered, put forth more buds, for those flowers are not to be wasted, but by man's skill shall give forth their deep colour, and tinge by their purple dye many things of earth, so the life's motto of my Violet must be, *Industry*.”

She stopped, but for a moment only, and as if she wished no interruption, turned towards Mary, and in a different, but feeling tone, said,

“ Mary Vernon, my Sensitive plant, your leaves are green and beautiful, and tall and spreading ought to be your growth. You come from a sunny land, so mind you, think not of yourself only, but be a shade to other smaller plants from the scorch-

ing sunshine, and though your nature makes you shrink at the touch of man, think not so much of self, gain courage. Let your life's motto be, *Unselfishness*."

Again the Sibyl paused—Edith was wondering in her own mind, whether the Sibyl knew by just looking at them, that she came next in age, when she heard her name, as the Sibyl said,

"Edith Gertrude Ferguson, the fresh blooming evergreen, the Laurustinus, taking firm root alike in your own bonnie Isle, fair England, or in my own beautiful land, sturdy and strong is your growth, and your pink clusters of buds, and white and starry blossoms, are welcomed by all, and cheer many a winter's day; but the pruning-knife is needful to cut off many a stray bough, and your leaves, often dusty by earth, need heavy rain drops to cleanse them. Your life's motto is, *Obedience*."

She again paused, and all felt now, not a word was to be spoken in reply: she bent down, and turned over a leaf of her book, as if reading, and then said,

"Henry *Brightside* Vernon. What is Christmas without the Holly-bough? To me you are my bright shining Holly-tree—ever green, and ever shining; a joy and a gladness, speaking to men of earth and heaven. But before your scarlet

berry is put forth, comes the bud and the blossom ; patient and painstaking is the sap. Let then your life's motto ever be, *Perseverance*."

Rose felt her turn came next ; she hung down her head, and a bright pink blush came on her cheeks, her long shining curls seemed to try to cover up those blushes ; as she stood thus, all felt the appropriateness of the words of the Sibyl, when she said in a gentle soft voice,

"Rose Emily Ferguson. Summer is not yet come, but still I have my Moss Rose bud in you ; deep is the colour of your flower, and the green moss partially shelters it now from our gaze ; but wait a little, and night's gentle breezes, and the glowing light of day will unfold your blossoms, and the modest loving moss will then be the support of the open flower, and fragrance, and love, and beauty will you shed all around ; but remember, unlike your companion flowers, winter strips you bare of leaves and buds, so extra strength and effort is needed in the spring-time of life. Let your motto ever be to that life's end, *Energy*."

Donald turned away, and looked vacantly on a picture hanging against the wall, for he felt uncomfortable ; a long pause, ere the Sibyl spoke, made him look again towards her. At last she said,

"Donald Campbell, beauty reigns in your land of lake and mountain, as in mine, and surely

none other flower can you be, than your country's emblem, the Thistle. Wild and free is its growth, running to waste of itself, but only let it be transplanted, trained, and cared for, and though at first it may not seem to repay that care, the richer soil will encourage it to put forth finer and more delicate leaves as its wild ones wither, and then will come its purple blossom, with its fibrous rays pointing upward, and goodly and spreading will be its leaves, as it decks many a garden, and it will gain courage to strike its roots deeper as the showers from heaven water it in its loneliness. Let your life's motto be, *Self-improvement*."

As she said this, she rose, folded her manuscript books into a roll, and holding it in her hand, added,

"My children, my flowers, forget not the words of the Sibyl. To you—we meet and part, as strangers; to me—each child has been watched and known, and cared for many a day—but this is a part of the Sibyl's mysteries—farewell."

She then slowly and silently walked out of the room. After a few moments of quiet wonder, many were the questions put by the children to the rest of the party. Mr. Vernon assured them all he had never seen or heard of such a person before, though her knowledge, and wisdom, and gentleness, had greatly pleased him.

They all went up stairs again, and lying on the drawing-room table were six parcels, each one had a name written on it, the real name of the children. Eagerly were they undone, and there, in a beautiful carved oak frame, were different pictures of Naples and the neighbourhood. For Hugh there was a lovely view of the bay of Baiæ, the pattern carved in the frame was violet leaves and blossoms, and at the back of the picture was written, "Forget not the words of the Sibyl." This was written on all. Edith's was a picture of Vesuvius, with a party of travellers clambering up the mountain. The frame had the laurustinus prettily carved on it.

Mary's, a view of the Solfatara, and Puzzuoli, and the fine leaves of the sensitive plant very delicately cut in the oaken border.

Harry's was an exquisite view of Virgil's tomb, but in the foreground was the figure of a boy, with books and drawing-case by his side, while he was examining a flower. The frame was carved with holly.

Rose's, a picture of Naples, the mountains round covered with snow, the sky and sea of a bright blue and Vesuvius energetically pouring forth a volume of smoke, a large white cloud of it hanging over the water. The moss rose cut in the frame.

Donald's, the view of Naples, from the gardens

of Rocca Romana, with the thistle, its leaves and blossom, deeply cut in the wood.

"How very beautifully they are all painted," said Harry; "do you think the Sibyl painted them, papa?" "I suppose she did, my boy," replied Mr. Vernon, "she has certainly shown great wisdom in the choice of the views for each of her flowers."

The children were too occupied in talking about this wonderful lady, and in looking at her gifts, to think of any games.

No one knew either how the pictures had come there; the servants were questioned, but assured Mr. Vernon they had heard no one come, and had had nothing to do with it.

But as surprise and wonder have an end as well as other feelings, a game was proposed at last, and after that, the characters were drawn. Donald drew the king, and Mary the queen, and after much enjoyment, and a game at blind man's buff, in which all the party joined, the time came to say "good night."

Very carefully were the three pictures done up, and again the question was asked, "Who can the Sibyl be?" but they agreed it could not be any one they knew, for they had never seen her face before, and though she spoke English as well as themselves, she looked quite like an Italian lady.

However, no one threw any light on the subject, so "good night" was at last said, and off drove Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, their children, and Donald.

The next morning, at breakfast, little Hugh had been sitting very thoughtfully at the table, when he said to his Aunt Vernon,

"Aunty, I suppose the Sibyl said the holly tree (which is cousin Harry, you know) spoke to us of earth and heaven, because we have it in our churches at home at Christmas time?"

"Yes, dear Hugh, it is a sign of rejoicing at the birth of Christ, so it speaks to us of heaven in that way; and then did you not notice the emphasis the Sibyl laid on the word 'Brightside?' She evidently meant us to notice it, and that too speaks of heaven—for Aunt Mary, after whom Harry was named, has long been in heaven. So you see how much this wonderful person seemed to know about you all."

"Yes, aunty, she did indeed, but I think mamma must have told her I did not like to learn to read or spell."

"No, Hugh," replied Mrs. Vernon, "she never saw her before."

The next three days were busily employed at the Museum, and different farewell drives for Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Vernon.

One afternoon they went over the "Formidable,"

an English man-of-war. As they came up to the vessel, a cannon was fired, as a salute to the Neapolitan officer who had just been over it.

When the morning came for Mr. and Mrs. H. Vernon, and Mary, and Hugh, to leave, poor Harry felt quite sad. He knew he should miss them all so much, and they were very sorry to go, but presently he looked at his aunt with a bright smile, and said,

“You are going a different way home to what we are, dear aunt, so that when we meet again in England, you will have as much to tell us of what you have seen, as we shall have to tell you, and five months will soon be gone, for papa says we are to be at home in June.”

An hour afterwards a large steamboat slowly sailed out of the harbour. Two white handkerchiefs were seen to be waving on board, and others on the pier waved in answer, as Harry, Rose, Edith, and Donald, thus bid their little friends the last farewell.

“Good-bye, you wise and knowing Sibyl!” said Mr. Vernon, as he took off his hat, and looked towards the vessel, “good-bye.”

“What do you mean, Mr. Vernon?” said Rose and Edith. “I am sure, papa, you know all about it,” added Harry.

“Well,” replied Mr. Vernon, “I may tell you

now it was a clever but a very beautiful trick of my clever brother. It seems, that when in India, a brother officer taught him the art of ventriloquism. That is, you know, to throw your voice, when speaking, into another object or person; so that the words heard were not spoken by the Sibyl, as she called herself, but by your uncle. Harry, do you understand?"

"Oh, papa, how is that possible, because, the Sibyl bowed to us, and turned round as she mentioned our names? Are you quite sure it was uncle speaking?"

"Quite my boy, but to tell you the truth, I was as much puzzled as any of you, and even now can scarcely believe it all."

"But who was the lady, papa?" asked Harry. Mr. Vernon laughed, and said as he looked at his wife, "You must ask mamma about that, Harry."

Mrs. Vernon was seated on a stone, watching the steamboat as it glided away through the blue water. The four children came round her with very eager faces, to know what she could tell them about the beautiful lady.

"I suppose I must tell you now, as papa has said so much," said Mrs. Vernon. "She is the daughter of the gentleman who owns the house we live in here."

"Why, mamma," interrupted Harry, "is that the

young lady you have often spoken about, who has so long been ill, and you sometimes call upon? Why you must have told her about us all, for I seemed to feel so convinced it was your idea about all the flowers, and every word she said reminded me of you."

Mrs. Vernon—"But you forget, Harry, she did not speak at all."

Donald—"I cannot believe that, Mrs. Vernon."

Mrs. Vernon—"I will tell you how it was managed. My brother, Mr. Hugh Vernon, told me his secret, and his wish to surprise you all, and teach you some good lessons too, so we talked it over, and at last, after many difficulties, I remembered this young lady. She had often watched you all from her sofa, and it seemed greatly to interest and amuse her, when I explained we wanted her to act as if she were the Sibyl, but not to speak. My brother stood behind you, so you did not see his lips move, which cannot be avoided, of course. I think you must all agree, it was very well done, both by him and my Neapolitan friend."

"Oh, beautifully done," cried Edith; "but who gave us those lovely pictures?"

"They were from my brother, as parting gifts," replied Mrs. Vernon, "he painted them himself, and had many narrow escapes of being found out,

so he actually used to rise very early, to work hard before breakfast."

"Oh, how very kind, how very kind," said all the children at once; "but who made the frames?"

Mrs. Vernon—"He had them carved under his own direction at a shop in Naples."

"But ask mamma, Harry," said Mr. Vernon, "whose idea it was about each one of you being a flower. You were not very wrong in your fancy about it, my boy."

"Then it was your thought, dear mamma. No one has such beautiful thoughts as you."

"Hush! hush! Harry," said Mrs. Vernon, "there was nothing beautiful about them. I think the Sibyl's words were very true, so now I will only repeat her parting wish, 'Forget not the words of the Sibyl.' I must, however, tell you that the pictures were put on the table by my brother, just as we left the room to go down to the Sibyl. So, like many other mysterious things, they have a very simple explanation."

A few days after this, Mr. Vernon took Harry and his young friends again to the Museum, to see the manuscripts which were dug out of a house in Herculaneum. The Pompeians, like the Egyptians, employed the leaves of the papyrus, on which, with a sharp instrument they engraved

their writing. Hundreds of these scrolls of papyrus were found in this one place, and by a very clever invention, a suggestion of Sir H. Davy, improved by an Italian gentleman, nearly five hundred have been unrolled. Three volumes of these have been published, one on Music, another by Epicurus, on Nature, and the others on Economy and Pride. They were written in Greek and Latin.

Donald and Harry were very much interested in thus seeing books which had been written so long ago.

"I saw the papyrus," said Mr. Vernon, "growing in water in one of the conservatories at Kew Gardens. When we return to England, Harry, I must remember to take you there."

Before they left the Museum, they went into a room which always delighted Mr. and Mrs. Vernon. It was filled with ancient statues, and contained one of Aristides, so very beautiful, that it seemed to fill them more and more with wonder that marble could be so like life! Harry had formed quite a friendship with this statue.

As they all stood before it, Mr. Vernon said, "How wonderfully the Greek, who carved this figure, must have understood the just, and noble, and dauntless integrity and benevolence of this great man; how well the head and face show it all, and his lips just opening, as if one of his won-

derful orations were going to be spoken to us! I think boys," he added, "you will ever remember Aristides, now you have seen this statue of him."

"We shall indeed, papa," replied Harry. "How I should like to be a sculptor, much better than a painter. Sculpture is so much more like life, and then look how it lasts. Why this marble is as fresh as if it were just cut. You said this came from Herculaneum, did you not?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Vernon, "all the finest pieces of statuary in the Museum came from there. It seems to have been a much finer city than Pompeii."

CHAPTER VIII.

TIME runs on very fast when we are happy and busy.

The 1st of February came, and Harry was quite startled when his papa told him, that on the 25th of that month he intended to leave Naples for Rome.

There were so many things still to be seen, or else seen over again, that the days no sooner came than they were gone; and then when Harry thought of leaving the Fergusons, and Donald, it made him almost unhappy, even in bright and beautiful Naples.

Mrs. Vernon saw this in her boy, and one evening, as they were walking in the public gardens before their house, called the Villa Reale, she spoke to him about it.

They had been admiring some of the many

statues which adorn the garden, and were standing on a sort of circular terrace, which was built out in the water on purpose to catch a fine view of the bay ; a stormy morning had gradually subsided into a fine calm evening, though clouds were still playing about the mountains, and wild enough they looked in their games ; the sea too seemed weary of its heavy ceaseless billows, and as many small waves broke on the shore, followed by one large one, every now and then, it still seemed troubled, as though sobbing itself to sleep.

“ We must enjoy this view while we can, my boy, must we not ? It looks to me more beautiful than ever this evening, does it not to you ? ” said Mrs. Vernon.

“ No, mamma ; papa says Rome is not half so beautiful, and I shall have no one to play with, and shall so very much miss Donald, and Rose, and Edith, and Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson. They have been so very kind to me.”

Mrs. Vernon—“ But you managed to enjoy Italy very much before you knew them, my boy. How was that ? ”

Harry—“ I had forgotten that, mamma ; but then I liked everything twice as much after I knew them. How I wish they could go with us.”

Mrs. Vernon—“ So do I, and we have asked

Mr. Ferguson if it is quite impossible for them to do so, but he says he cannot leave his duties."

"So now, my Harry, we must treasure up all the happy weeks we have passed here, and determine not to repine that they are come to an end. I was thinking just now of what my friend Wordsworth says, in one of his beautiful sonnets—

'Better to thank a dear and long past day,
For joys its sunny hours were free to give,
Than blame the present, that our wish hath crossed.'

We will now talk over the past, and peep on a little into the future if you like, for not many boys of your age, can say, 'they are just going to Rome.' Only think of that, the Rome you have read of in history, and in the Bible!"

A long talk they had of all that was to be seen there, till the sun went down in all its glory, and Harry felt light-hearted again, as he returned home, and began to learn his lessons quite busily.

There is a famous blue grotto in the island of Capri, it is blue from the reflection of the water in it, which Mr. Vernon had hoped to visit, but as Mrs. Vernon and Harry were both such bad sailors, they had been long waiting for the sea to become calm enough to venture.

Such a day did not come, so to make up for it,

Mr. Vernon determined to enjoy an excursion to the temples at Pæstum. They are sixty miles from Naples. As it was to be a farewell trip, Mr. Ferguson, Donald, and Edith, were to go too. Rose was ill with a cold, and her mamma stayed at home to nurse her.

At seven o'clock, a cold winter's morning, they left Naples by train, for Nocera, passing Pompeii on their way. Here they hired a carriage, and a very funny tumble down one it was, without springs, and as the horses started off at a gallop, the unfortunate travellers were jolted about, till, what with laughing, and the hard work it was to keep their seats, they became quite tired. A sudden, and very sharp frost in the night, had quite surprised the Italians, who stood shivering, and looking miserable enough. There was even ice in the streets, which appeared to amuse all the poor children.

Presently the country became very beautiful, the road passed through a branch of the Apennines, mountains of great beauty, though not very high.

One frozen cascade of water after another was to be seen, with icicles many yards long, and as the sun came out, and lit them up, and showed all their fine prismatic colours, the children were quite charmed, and very glad when a steep hill

came, that they might walk up and enjoy the scene more.

At three o'clock they reached Salerno, a town situated in a most lovely gulf of the same name.

After dinner they walked about the place, the situation of which is very beautiful.

The next morning at four o'clock, all the party breakfasted by candle-light, and started before it was light along the road to Pæstum. They were quite amused as they travelled on, with groups of the Calabrian peasantry, who looked, as Mr. Vernon said, so very picturesque, that they were all ready for sketching. So out came the pencils and paper, the carriage was stopped, and to the amusement of the driver, a sketch soon made of a party of the people by Mr. Vernon.

The river Silaro now appeared, they had to be ferried across it, and while doing so, Mr. Ferguson pointed out to them, many petrifications along its banks, adding, "that the walls of the temples they were about to visit were built of stone, which had been dug from the river's edge, and formed in the course of years by the water. The city of Pæstum," he added, "is of unknown origin; and you must remember, Harry, that the Emperor Augustus, in whose reign our Lord was born, came to see these ruined temples, and city walls, and wondered who built them, just as much as we do."

At last, these grand and deserted ruins came in sight. After leaving a basket of provisions at the inn, they walked to the buildings at once.

There they stood in the green desolate fields, still fresh and strong, the fine pillars all entire, and as all the party remembered for how many thousand years they had stood there, very deep was the interest they felt in a scene of such great beauty and antiquity. Mrs. Vernon wanted to have found a poppy leaf to keep as a relic, for she reminded Harry that *that* was the emblem of oblivion, who reigned here so absolute, but none could be found, nor any of the roses either, for which the place was celebrated, so they were obliged to content themselves with violet roots and blossoms.

A fine thistle was seen by Donald, the party had missed him, but there he was, digging away with a strong knife, and though its roots were deep, on he went with his work. Just as he had completed it, Harry came up to him. He saw what Donald was doing, and knew too, the feeling which prompted his friend thus to remember the words of the Sibyl, so he did not say anything, but searched about for some leaves to fasten up the plant in.

"I hope it will grow," said Donald.

And Harry hoped so, too.

Mr. Ferguson came up to them, and showed them a very small river shell which he had found embedded in one of the pillars of the temple, proving at once that they were built of the petrified stone from the river's edge.

After walking to one of the gates of the city, and tracing its walls for some distance, they returned to the inn to a hasty lunch, and having ordered fresh horses at Salerno, they managed to reach Naples that night, after two days of special enjoyment.

The following evening was spent at Mr. Ferguson's. Again was the cabinet looked over, and Harry's heart greatly rejoiced by a present from Mr. Ferguson, of two ancient lamps, a little vase from Pompeii, and two glass lachrymatories. These are small bottles, into which the living wept the tears with which they mourned the dead. They are found both in Roman, and Etruscan tombs.

Mr. Vernon had bought some the week before, so that they were not new to Harry.

"I suppose, Mr. Ferguson," he said, "that David meant one of these bottles, for don't you remember, we read last Sunday in the Psalms for the day, 'Put my tears into thy bottle,' I never understood what that meant before."

"Yes," replied Mr. Ferguson; "I am glad you

noticed it, Harry, what a difference it makes when we give our minds to what we read, either in church, or at home."

Rose and Edith had received a present a few days before of a small cabinet, from Mr. Vernon, so Donald and Harry helped them arrange all their curiosities.

"I am quite sure," said Edith, "the holly and laurustinus have had enough of this hot room, now for a blow in the garden. Come on, my holly-bough, we are both evergreens, and don't mind the cold."

"Nor does the thistle, I'm sure," added Donald. So off the three ran.

"The moss rose does best in the drawing-room," added Harry, "but we will soon come back to her."

After chasing each other round and round the garden, Edith got quite out of breath, and sat down on a seat to rest. It was under a large orange tree, but alas! she quite forgot, that to sit there of a winter's afternoon was forbidden.

Presently, they heard a whisper behind them, only one word was said, "*Obedience*," but that was quite enough. Up jumped Edith, saying, "I should like to know what fairy we have here."

"It sounds more like the Sibyl," answered Harry.

They all three searched about, but found no one. The tea bell was rung, so they hastened in, Edith's motto still sounding in her ears.

The evening passed away too quickly, for five days only were left for Harry's stay in Naples, and this was a farewell visit.

Donald, Rose, and Edith, came the day before he left, to help him pick up his cabinet, and though a merry laugh was often heard amongst them, still each young heart felt *that* was the parting time. They were all to be wonderful correspondents with Harry, and many fine plans were talked over for the future. Some of them quite "castle-in-the-air" sort of plans, but Edith declared she believed they would come true, and Harry said, that even if they did not, they should have had the pleasure of thinking about them ; but a sudden stop came to them all, by Mr. Ferguson's calling to take them home.

At four o'clock the next morning, Harry was dressing by moonlight, he stood for some time at his window, in a sad mood, for he thought Naples seemed determined to look as beautiful as ever it could just as he was leaving it ; " but however," he said to himself, " if it had been rainy, I could not have seen the view at all, and should then always have remembered the rain in parting, so I will not belong to the school of grumblers that papa talks about."

At seven o'clock they started off by railroad to Capua. Here the carriage Mr. Vernon had bought for the homeward journey, was in waiting for them. It was a most comfortable chariot, with plenty of room for them, and a rumble or seat behind for Graham and Pearce. In the front of the windows, was a large oblong pot, which contained Mrs. Vernon's and Harry's flowers, they had dug up in different places.

The rain fell heavily now, and Harry thought it quite right it should rain, as he had left Naples.

It soon cleared off, and the road was very beautiful, there were hedgerows of myrtle and other evergreens, particularly the laurustinus, all growing wild. The distant mountains with their snowy tops, and the groups of peasantry in their different pretty dresses, and then their lovely sleeping place, Mola di Gaeta, quite charmed the travellers, and they agreed, readily enough, it was far better to travel this way than by sea.

In the garden of the hotel at this place, is a ruin of the Villa of Cicero. Part of it was subterranean, and Mr. Vernon broke off some stalactites which had been formed on the ceilings by the dripping of water.

Groves of orange trees, filled the air with their fragrant scent, and the wild flowers, particularly the coronella and lilac anemone, were finer than

they had seen them anywhere else. The Bay of Gaeta is famous for its beauty, and the travellers lingered some time on its shores. On returning to the hotel, the women of the village all gathered round a fountain opposite, for an evening chat, and as each one came up, carrying her vase on her head for water, the rope fastened to it, and coiled round the arm, Harry determined to try and sketch them, as his papa was doing.

The women and children of this place are more lovely than in any other part of Italy, and Mr. Vernon gave them in *his* drawing, very pretty faces, for they deserved them ; but alas, for Harry, he was sure to draw such large noses or small eyes, or something wrong, that he got tired of his work and put it away.

He was idly leaning against the window, when his papa whispered into his ear, "*Perseverance.*"

Harry looked up guilty and foolish, and was going to begin his sketch again.

"No, my boy," said Mr. Vernon, "it is bed-time now, the opportunity is gone by, so off with you."

"Oh, papa," he replied, "do let me stay. I shall never see this lovely place again, please remember that."

"And I must remember too, that a certain boy of my acquaintance," replied Mr Vernon, "rose at four o'clock this morning, has travelled all day,

and will have to start to-morrow by six ; so, early to bed is quite necessary for him, and for each of us."

Again, there was a moonlight morning, and then came the dawn of day. Sun and moon rivalling each other in beauty ; very much did the travellers enjoy to watch the glorious sun, lighting up one mountain after another with its rosy tints, and as the carriage hurried them away from this most lovely spot, Mr. Vernon read aloud the 104th Psalm ; such early journeys leave little time for the morning Bible reading.

Each heart was full of enjoyment, so that this beautiful Psalm of praise seemed very fitting.

" Bless the Lord, O my soul ! O Lord my God, thou art very great ; thou art clothed with honour and majesty.

" Who covereth thyself with light as a garment : who stretchest out the heavens as a curtain ;" and again,

" O Lord, how manifold are thy works ! In wisdom hast thou made them all : the earth is full of thy riches. So is this great and wide sea."

" We shall soon have to say good-bye to this favourite sea of yours, my boy," said Mr. Vernon, when the psalm was finished.

" How soon, papa ?"

" In two hours we breakfast at Terracina, and

then leave its shores. I see, by my book, it was just by this ruin that Cicero was murdered. We will stop and look at it. Poor Cicero—his eloquence, his many efforts for his country's good, and that country's admiration of him, did not spare him from the hand of the assassin."

The road continued to charm each one of the travellers, and then came the approach to Terracina. Steep rocks and mountains on one side, the sea on the other, made this in times gone by, a most important pass, and stopped the progress of Hannibal himself.

The sea was very rough, and came dashing on the rocks, to Harry's great delight. On arriving at the hotel, he hurried over his breakfast, and ran off to the shore for a farewell game with his friend the Mediterranean. He dared its waves, and ran after them with the rolling pebbles, but had pretty soon to retire and run for his life, as they chased him up the beach again, and broke, throwing their light and beautiful spray on the rocks, as if they would make him believe they were nothing after all.

His papa and mamma joined him, and shared the game, but the time for starting came, so a few shells and sea-weed were gathered, and off rolled the carriage.

Three miles were passed, and Mr. Vernon pointed out a clear and deep stream of water in which Horace is said to have bathed, and then the Pontine marshes came in sight. A straight uninteresting road for miles, with large fields on each side, and hundreds of cattle feeding in them, made a great contrast to the first part of the journey. No one must sleep while crossing these marshes, as a very sad fever is often the consequence.

"This," said Mr. Vernon, "is the very road St. Paul took on his way to Rome." He had no sooner said it, than a magnificent church was seen in the distance, and no house near.

"That is Appii Forum," said Mr. Vernon; "that large church was built to mark the spot of St. Paul's visit, but the place is so very unhealthy, that the priests can only live there two months in the year. It is truly a shell without a kernel, a church with no true worship of the Lord Jesus. We sleep to-night, my boy, at Cisterna, or the Three Taverns, so I think we will again read the twenty-eighth chapter of the Acts, when we reach our resting place."

They arrived there at six o'clock, very weary, after their twelve hours' journey.

The next day, when they arrived at Albano, to

lunch, the first view of Rome was gained. "The Eternal City," as it is called.

There it was, in the centre of a vast plain, surrounded nearly by mountains, excepting on the sea side, a bright line of blue just marking its waters. The mighty dome of St. Peter's rose far above all other buildings; and stretching across the plain or Campagna, as it is called, was one ruined aqueduct after another, with their countless arches; one of them built by the Emperor Claudius, is still perfect and in use.

"Papa," said Harry, "why did the Romans build so many aqueducts?"

"Because Rome is built in what is supposed to be the crater of an extinct volcano, and all the water there is too bad for use, it is therefore conveyed through these pipes or aqueducts from the mountains."

"Oh! papa," exclaimed Harry, "how frightened poor Mary would be to sleep or live in Rome, if it is really built in a crater."

"She would indeed," replied Mr. Vernon. "It seems as if God had only to speak the word, and the elements of its destruction are at hand."

"You see now, Harry, how many ruins we are passing; these were all tombs, and formed the street of tombs, for I have told you the an-

cient cities of Italy were always approached by them."

Not a word more was spoken for awhile ; the silent Campagna, with its ruins, and Rome before them, gave each one plenty to think about.

The gate of the city was passed, the Hotel de Londres gained, and Harry quietly sat himself at the window, very wonder-struck to think he was really in Rome.

CHAPTER IX.

THE feeling of delight on waking the next morning in Rome, was shared by each of the party, and all breakfast time they talked about it.

"I think," said Mr. Vernon, "we will do as Dr. Arnold did, and go first of all to the Capitol, and look at Rome from the tower of the building."

"Oh! yes, papa," replied Harry, "I am quite sure I shall love history twice as much as I have ever done before, now that I have been to Rome."

In the afternoon, they drove to the Capitol, and for a long time studied the scene around, for it is one never to be forgotten. A gentleman was there, quite a stranger to them, but he knew Rome well, and very kindly pointed out all the different objects of interest to them.

He advised them to go into a church close by, called Ara Cœli, as there was something to be seen there, which he thought would interest the young traveller.

Harry asked his papa what it was, and to his disappointment, was told a doll.

However, in they went, and a priest came up to them to show the treasure.

He took them into a vestry, and then, assisted by another priest, they first of all put on a short white gown, and then, with great solemnity, opened the door of a closet. In this was a large box, which they took out and laid on the table.

After four layers of white satin, came a pair of red silk gloves embroidered with gold. These the priest put on with great care, saying some prayers to himself all the while. Then came four more folds of satin, and then, a large wooden doll, dressed in white satin and gold, and all sorts of finery, with a crown, and necklaces, bracelets, and rings of the most precious stones, diamonds, pearls, rubies, and emeralds. The man did not take it out of the box, but held it up to them with the greatest veneration.

"What does it mean, papa," said Harry, "do they intend that ugly faced doll to be like Jesus Christ?"

"Yes, indeed they do my boy, but I will talk to this priest about it."

It was then explained to them by this poor deluded man, that a long time ago, a monk made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and when on the

Mount of Olives, he determined to cut an image of our Saviour as a baby, out of an olive tree. He worked hard, and when it was completed, fell asleep. St. Luke then very kindly came down from heaven and painted it for him. His astonishment was great when he awoke and discovered this. He brought the doll to Rome, and then it was found to cure any diseases of those who were ill and looked at it. It still works such miracles, that a beautiful carriage is kept for it, and two priests in attendance, and if any one is too ill to come to the church, it is taken to them, and held up before the sick person. Of course a sum of money is paid for this, and if the person does not recover, it is from their want of faith. "So say the priests," added Mr. Vernon, "and I find that this 'Santissima Bambino,' as it is called, 'the most holy baby,' receives very much more money than any physician in Rome, and all fall on their knees as it passes through the streets."

"But papa," inquired Harry, "how did the monk know St. Luke painted it? Did he see him come to do it?"

Mr. Vernon asked the priest, but he replied, "The monk knew it was St. Luke, because he was a great artist. Look here," he added, "is a picture of Jesus Christ, which he painted too."

And there, hanging on the wall, was a very dark

looking picture, reminding Mr. Vernon, as he said, of a Dutch painting, for it was done just in their style of colouring.

On leaving the church, they noticed a long flight of steps leading up to it. These, Mr. Vernon found by his guide-book, were very ancient. They originally led up to the Temple of Jupiter, and Julius Cæsar, ascended them on his knees, to return thanks to this god Jupiter for a great victory. Now it is still only ascended on the knees by the Romanists who go to worship their little wooden god, the sacred doll, for the church which contains it is built on the ruins of the temple.

"You see," added Mr. Vernon, "how little difference there is between the two religions. We read nothing in the Bible about miraculous dolls, or St. Luke being a painter. Look my boy, here are two women beginning to ascend the stairs." One was very fat, and seemed to find great difficulty in preventing rolling over, as she raised each knee; the other looked ill and sad, but up they came very slowly, muttering their prayers.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon did not laugh, but looked very sad too. The sight was so ridiculous to poor Harry, that he was obliged to turn away, for he did not wish the women to see him laughing.

The next day they drove to the Forum, below the Capitol, and walked about it, greatly admiring the beautiful columns which are left of some of the temples ; and as they trod on the stones of the Via Sacra, or sacred road, which led under the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus, and then walked onward towards the arch of Titus, Mr. Vernon stopped, and proposed they should sit down and think over some of the stirring scenes which had occurred in that very Forum. To him this was the most interesting moment since he had landed in Italy.

“ My son,” he said, “ you must mark well every stone here, for it is classic ground, and I seem to hear Cicero with his wonderful eloquence. One scene after another rises before me, which, when at Oxford, fancy painted so vividly ! If you should live to study there as I did, perhaps you will better understand your father's enthusiasm as he stood in the Roman Forum.”

Harry remembered many things too connected with it, for he had been diligently reading “ Arnold's History of Rome,” and Mrs. Vernon had studied another book, “ Rome in the Nineteenth Century.” So they all shared in the interest of the place, and many a flower growing amongst the beautiful ruins was gathered to press as a relic. They walked on to the arch of Titus. This was

erected after the death of the Emperor Titus, to commemorate his conquest of Jerusalem, and is the most elegant in Rome.

"You remember, Harry," said Mrs. Vernon, "how interested you were lately in reading about the magnificent temple at Jerusalem. First of all the Bible account of it, and then what Josephus tells us. See, here is sculptured in bas relief, a procession, bearing the spoils of the temple; here is the golden table, the seven branched candlestick, and the silver trumpets!"

"Oh yes, mamma, how very curious, is it not? they are just like those we read about. How I should like to have heard the blast of that silver trumpet!"

On the other side, inside the arch, the emperor is represented crowned by victory in his triumphal car, drawn by four horses.

Harry greatly enjoyed looking at this arch, and then on they went to the Coliseum, which was only a short distance off.

Its mighty walls, and amazing size, astonished the travellers. They entered, and stood in its arena, the deathplace of hundreds of martyrs. There was the vomitorium, out of which the wild beasts rushed on their prey; and there were the ruined seats, though hardly anything remains of them, and the galleries, and broken columns, and

cornices, and the thousand arches, and over all, was the glorious sky. As Mrs. Vernon looked upward, she turned to her husband, and said,

“So cloudless, blue, so purely beautiful,
That God alone is to be seen in heaven.”

“How vile man seems in contrast,” she added, “as we stand on this earth, so saturated as it has been with the blood of the martyrs!”

“Yes,” replied Mr. Vernon, “but the martyr’s crown is theirs now, and the song of victory, and joy, for ever in the presence of their Lord! May we know more of such love to our Lord, that we may be willing to suffer anything for him, though now the laugh, the jest, or the dislike of those who follow Satan rather than God, is what we may be called upon chiefly to endure.”

Mrs. Vernon and her boy were charmed with the many flowers growing in the Coliseum, and they found by their friend, the guide-book, that two hundred and sixty different species are to be found there. So they determined to collect as many as they could, and began by digging up some small aloes which grew in abundance, and when they reached the hotel, they carefully planted them in their pot.

The next day proved wet, and Harry was quite busy writing a long letter to Donald, and attend-

ing to his pressed flowers, and many other little matters, which industrious people can always find to do on rainy days, and there was a great deal to read about Rome, and as Mr. Vernon proposed visiting St. Peters the next day, they had to read about that too, so that when the evening came, Harry declared he felt quite glad they had been kept in-doors.

"Yes," replied Mr. Vernon, "and then dear mamma has had a day of rest, for we must not kill her outright with sight-seeing."

Harry was quite ready to start the next morning some minutes before the carriage came, with his hat brushed, and tidy gloves, for sometimes he was deficient in these particulars, but his mamma had spoken about it very kindly and firmly, and once at Naples he had been left behind, as it was quite unsuitable that his papa and mamma should be kept waiting for him. This had taught him such a lesson, (for he much wished to have taken the drive,) that he had not once been late or untidy in his dress since.

The streets of Rome are very narrow and very dirty, so that the drive to St. Peter's did not particularly charm any of the party. They crossed the Tiber over a fine bridge which was built by the Emperor Hadrian, to lead to his magnificent tomb which is opposite to it. It is now, instead of a

tomb, turned into a castle, with very sad dungeons underneath, full of very wretched inmates.

The fountains in the open square before St. Peter's greatly delighted Harry, and no wonder, for they are most beautiful. A long flight of steps led them into the cathedral.

After looking round in great wonder, Harry said, "Oh, mamma, how different it is from our splendid Minster, this hardly looks like a church, it is so gaily painted, look at the pillars and walls, and every part."

"It is indeed gay," replied his mamma; "but how immense the building looks."

"Do you think so," said Mr. Vernon; "I am quite disappointed in the size."

However, upon going up to two little marble angels, Mr. Vernon discovered, when close, that they were each one six feet high; everything in the church is so large, that its size is not found out at first.

Presently they came to a large figure of St. Peter sitting in a chair. Every Roman Catholic who enters the church kisses its toe. Mr. Vernon told them, that in the course of years, the toe gets worn away, and is obliged to be replaced by a new one.

This was originally a statue of Jupiter, and heathen Rome used to kiss his toe, just as the

Romanists do, now they have turned it into St. Peter, and put keys in his hand ; it is moreover a very ugly statue.

"How many new toes this image must have had, Harry, must it not?" said Mr. Vernon.

Harry laughed, and just then, up came a group of people, who went up and kissed it very reverently, each one wiping the toe before they did so, and pressing their foreheads against the foot.

Over the high altar, which is just under the magnificent dome, is a large canopy, the pillars supporting it are eighty feet high, and just in front of the altar, is the tomb of St. Peter. More than a hundred lamps are always kept burning here.

The longer the travellers remained in the cathedral, the better they seemed to understand its enormous size. Mr. Vernon pointed out some beautiful pillars underneath the dome ; one of them is said to have been brought by Titus from the temple at Jerusalem, and all the others were copied from it. Harry looked at them with great interest, for they were quite unlike any other pillars he had ever seen, and far more beautiful.

After leaving St. Peter's, Mr. Vernon proposed a country drive. On their way they passed the Pantheon, and of course, stopped to see this very perfect relic of old Rome, it was a temple dedi-

cated to all the gods, and is now turned into a church, dedicated to all the saints. The statues inside are all ancient gods and goddesses, which have now each received new names—the Virgin Mary, St. Cecilia, &c. The building is very beautiful, and greatly charmed Mr. and Mrs. Vernon. In it, the wonderful painter, Raphael, was buried, and there is a tomb erected to his memory.

After seeing this, they drove two miles out of Rome, to the Church of St. Paul. Here, it is said, the apostle was beheaded, and as his head was cut off, it bounded three times from one spot to another, each time it touched the earth, a spring of water burst forth. The man showed Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, first of all, the block on which St. Paul was beheaded, and then the three wells. The man held the candle over these, to show the water, which was very dirty, and many a drop of grease had fallen in. Harry was surprised enough to see a poor woman come, and pay some money to receive a tumbler of this nasty water, which she drank off with great eagerness, as it was considered very holy, and sure to do her good.

“How sorry St. Paul would be, papa,” said Harry, “if he could come to earth and see this nonsense.”

"He would, indeed, my boy," replied Mr. Vernon; "he would still find Rome nearly as heathen and ignorant, as he left it, I fear."

The largest of the three churches which are built at this spot, was burnt down some years ago, but was being rebuilt, when Mr. and Mrs. Vernon were there, in a style of great magnificence, almost all the sovereigns of Europe having sent presents to it. When England was popish, this church used to be under the special protection of the sovereigns of England.

As they drove home, Harry wanted to know the time, Mr. Vernon pointed to a church clock, and said—

"Half past twenty-two, my boy, for you know in Rome they reckon day and night together, the clocks being regulated by the setting of the sun, the twenty-fourth hour is at Ave Maria, as they call it, or half an hour after sunset. One o'clock is, therefore, an hour and a half after it."

"Dear me, papa," replied Harry, "how puzzling I should find it to reckon in that way."

In the evening, Harry was sitting reading, when his papa came in from a walk, and said,

"I have a great treasure in my pocket, Harry. We have talked of St. Paul very much lately, and traced his journey here, and now I have the last

letter he wrote before his death, the last, at least, which has been preserved."

"Oh, papa," replied Harry, "do let me see it; is it printed, and did you buy it in Rome?"

Mr. Vernon—"It is printed, my boy, but I did not buy it here; and strange to say, though it was written from Rome, and the people here are so fond of all relics connected with the apostles or saints, you would have great difficulty in getting a copy of it here; and scarcely any but the priests know that St. Paul ever wrote such a beautiful letter, they may perhaps have heard part of it, but many things are referred to in it, so exactly describing the errors of popery, that if St. Paul were to rise from the dead, and write it now, it would not be more appropriate."

Harry—"Why, papa, you must lend it to some of these Romans."

Mr. Vernon—"If I were to do so, I should be banished the place, for the Pope prohibits the people reading it, and I should be acting contrary to law."

Harry—"You mean the Bible, I do believe, papa."

Mr. Vernon—"The letter was addressed to a young man greatly loved by the apostle. He had been with him in Rome during his first imprisonment; but I will show it you, my boy."

Mr. Vernon then opened his Bible, and pointed to the last chapter of the Second Epistle to Timothy, and read, "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

"Yes, my boy," added Mr. Vernon, "let us remember *that*, 'I have kept the faith;' let us pray to be helped by God to keep it, too. And now look at the preceding verses. No wonder the people here are not allowed to read the Bible. 'For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine: but after their own lusts, shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears. And they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables.'"

"They are, indeed, fond of fables in Italy, papa," said Harry; "they would soon become Protestants, I think, if they read the Bible."

Mr. Vernon then read the last verses of the preceding chapter.

"But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned, knowing of whom thou hast learned them, and that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

"Faith in Jesus, my boy, that is what is

wanted, not works of mortification, and vain repetitions, like the heathen or the Romanist perform, but the simple study of God's word, and the simple belief in Jesus Christ, shown in our lives without any merit of our own. If Timothy, as a child, had learnt so much from the Bible, how strange it seems that what was then given to a child, should now be prohibited even to men and women."

The next place visited, was the ruin of the palace of the Cæsars. As they were driving to it, they saw the gentleman who had helped them in describing Rome from the Capitol. He smiled and nodded to Harry, and very soon after they had reached the palace of the Cæsars, he joined them, asking Harry what he thought of the pretty doll.

The boy laughed, and said, "It was a great fright, and he was quite sure, it would not cure him if he were ill."

"Nor any one else beside," added the gentleman.

He then turned to Mr. Vernon, and said, that if he would allow him, he would take them to a part of the ruin which commands one of the finest views of Rome, and the many traces round of the ruined palace.

Mr. Vernon very gladly accepted his kind gui-

dance, so up they all walked amongst fragments of columns, friezes, and stones piled in hillocks, the ivy, wallflower, and many a weed growing over them.

"Here is the acanthus plant, my boy," said Mr. Vernon.

Harry's eyes brightened at the sight. "But papa," said he, "what an immense leaf and plant it is, we must try and find a smaller one to dig up."

"That I am afraid you will not find," added their new friend; "spring is so early here, and the plants grow so fast. I have searched in vain for one small enough for transplanting."


"You must sketch the plant, young gentleman, and then you will see at once, how easily the fine leaf, and its overhanging growth, suggested the idea of the Corinthian capital."

The top of the hill was gained, and a splendid view rewarded them for the trouble, a view which so interested Harry, and each of the party, that at last he turned to his mamma, and said,

"Certainly, Naples is more beautiful, but I had no idea I should like Rome half as much. I never felt such interest in any place before."

"Do you know, mamma, where Nero's golden palace was?"

Mrs. Vernon did not, but asked their kind stranger friend.



"It is on the other side of these ruins," he replied, "or at least, supposed to have been there, for as you see all here is confusion and decay."

"How much Uncle Vernon would like to sketch here, would he not, papa? and the sun would not scorch him, as it did in India."

"I knew a Mr. Hugh Vernon, in Calcutta," remarked the gentleman, "and a brave officer he was."

And then came an explanation, and Mr. Vernon found that this new friend of his was one he had often heard of from his brother, a Mr. Montague. "Gladly," this gentleman said, "would he have come to Naples to have seen his old friend;" adding, "we must remember his honours, *Colonel* Vernon. I must congratulate you, sir, on your brother's promotion."

Mr. Vernon added, "It is news to me, for I have not seen the papers lately, or received any letters."

Moreover, it was quite true, and a very pleasant chat they had about Colonel Vernon, so that Mr. Montague seemed like an old acquaintance.

Mr. Mills, an English gentleman, has built a house, on a part of the palace of the Cæsars, he purchased this property, and there in the midst of ruin, is a regular English garden, which is kindly thrown open to the public once a week.

Harry quite bounded with joy, as he saw bed after bed of flowers, just as they had them at home, and then came a fine terrace walk, broken columns peeped up amongst the flowers, and care, and taste, and skill, were seen everywhere.

Mr. Montague knew Mr. Mills, so he called at the house, but he was from home.

"However," he said, "he has begged me to gather flowers whenever I like, so we will take some;" and a lovely bouquet he gathered for Mrs. Vernon, which quite delighted her.

"Oh, mamma," said Harry, "look at this nemophylla, what a fine blue it is, we must press it, to remember this place by."

"We will, Harry," she replied; "and as its name means, 'the flower of memory,' it will just do, will it not, for I am sure we shall remember no ruin in Rome with so much pleasure as this."

They next visited the subterranean rooms, built by the Emperor Augustus, and very beautiful they were in the shape, with their dome roofs, open at the top to admit light and air.

And then they came to Nero's palace; little remains beyond arches, and broken walls, with a few stone staircases, but the view of the Coliseum from this part is very fine.

Harry was clambering about to his heart's con-

they might serve, when set on fire, as lights in the night-time, and his gardens and circus, used thus to be illuminated for the games!"

Mr. Montague recommended them to visit the Catacombs of Rome, and gave them much interesting information respecting their use. He then rose to go, and after inquiring the name of Mr. Vernon's hotel, as he wished to bring Mrs. Montague to call on them, he said, "Good morning."

Before the visit to the Catacombs, Mr. Vernon thought it best to go to the Vatican Museum, and see some of the slabs taken out of them. He explained to Harry, that during the long persecutions of the early Christians, they took refuge in these subterranean passages, which are supposed to have been made by the sand-diggers, as the cement used for building in Rome, was partly made of it.

Here these good people lived, and were buried, and many an inscription did they cut in the sandstone, some of them recording the martyrdom of one and another in these places of refuge, where the Roman soldiery sometimes hunted out and found them.

In a long gallery of the Vatican, are hundreds of slabs, and as Mr. Vernon pointed out, and translated one after another, Mrs. Vernon and Harry were deeply interested.

On some of them, a shepherd with a sheep across his shoulders was engraved, to represent Christ as the good Shepherd, many actions of his life are thus recorded, and very simple are the epitaphs; one was, "Victorine sleeps;" another, "Gemella sleeps in peace;" and then came one most interesting to Harry: "Primitus in peace: a most valiant martyr after many torments. Aged 98. His wife raised this to her dearest well-deserving husband." Another, "Laurentius, to his sweetest son, Severus, borne away by angels on the seventh ides of January."

As soon as they had sufficiently examined them, they drove off to the Catacombs—they entered them from the Basilica of San Sebastiano, which contains, as most churches do in Rome, relics precious to the Romanists.

Here is shown the impression of our Lord's feet on a stone. They say He here met St. Peter flying from Rome to escape martyrdom. St. Peter asked Jesus where He was going, and our Lord replied, "To be crucified afresh." Peter was shocked at his own faint-heartedness, and returned to be crucified, as he was, with his head downwards.

"But papa," said Harry, "what immense feet they must think Jesus had. Did you ever see such a size for a foot before? How ridiculous to pretend such an impression was left."

"No, my boy, it is far too large," replied Mr. Vernon ; "but anything does to impose upon these superstitious people."

They then descended a dark flight of stairs, the guide giving each one a candle, and carefully counting over the number of the party, as some people have been lost in this labyrinth of passages, which extend fifteen miles.

Very deep was the interest each one felt as they walked along this dark and silent place. Every now and then they came to a sort of chapel, then tombs, then seats, all of which told a tale of suffering. The Romanists have removed thousands of the bones of the dead, which are much valued by them, and fetch a high price. They have also cut crosses, and put vials of the martyrs' blood, as they pretend, and vessels for holy water, but every one knows the early Christians had none of these things, so they look very ridiculous. As they drove home, Mr. Vernon explained to his son that it was not for many hundred years after these good people lived, that the Romanist errors began.

Harry—"How soon, papa, did they believe in purgatory, and worshipping the Virgin Mary?"

Mr. Vernon—"Not till the council of Trent, in 1545, did these and any other opinions become the creed of the Romish Church. You remember the Nicene creed, which is the be-

lief we all repeat in the Communion Service. That was written only three hundred years after Christ, so you see how pure their faith was then ; many of the prayers of our Liturgy are still read in Romanist churches, but being in Latin, few of the people understand them. They were of the very earliest date, and quite free from Romanist error, written centuries before Popery began."

Before they reached home, Mr. Vernon stopped to see a miraculous image of the Virgin Mary in the church of St. Augustine. It was a large wooden figure, covered with jewels, all glittering by the light of the hundred candles always kept burning. As they stood looking at it, a young man came in and kissed its toe with great reverence, he then clasped his hands, knelt down, and as if in an agony of prayer, looked up at it again and again.

He then rose, and kept kissing the toe as if he could not leave it. Altogether he seemed so earnest, and in such trouble, that it quite distressed Mr. and Mrs. Vernon and Harry. The latter was looking anxiously towards the altar of the church at the opposite end.

"What are you looking at, my boy?" said Mrs. Vernon.

"I was wanting to see if the ten command-

ments were written up mamma, as we have them in our churches in England," replied Harry.

Mrs. Vernon—"You will look in vain for that, Harry, and I should think the Romanists would be ashamed to write them up, as we find them in their Bible. These solemn commands, which were given by God himself on Mount Sinai, they alter, but you will soon see why. The second commandment, 'Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image,' &c., they have taken away altogether, and divided one of the others into two instead, to make up the ten."

Harry—"Oh, mamma, how very shocking, how wicked. When I saw that young man worshipping this great image, I remembered that commandment; and you know, mamma, it says, 'Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God,' and I wondered if he remembered this, but I dare say he does not know there is such a command."

Mrs. Vernon—"I fear not, or this image would not be adored by him in that way. Look at the beautiful rings and other jewels hung round, there must be more than a hundred, and all offerings to this miraculous image, which is said to cure diseases in a most wonderful way."

CHAPTER X.

LETTERS and newspapers arrived, some from Mr. Hugh Vernon, to tell them of his promotion. He wrote from Tours, in France, where the fine air had done much good to Mrs. Vernon ; and there were letters too from Naples, for Harry.

Rose, in her note, begged him to persevere with his drawing, as it would give him so much pleasure when he got back to England, to look over his sketches, and show them to some of his schoolfellows. She said they all missed him very much, and hoped some of the happy plans they had talked about would come true.

Edith gave him an account of a visit they had just paid to the gardens Rocca Romana. Her lovely dog, she said, was as full of fun as ever, and she had taught him a new trick, to swim after a stick just like a dog. She also hoped Harry would not think of kissing the Pope's toe, as she

had no notion of an old gentleman being so proud as all that. Donald's was a short note, but he seemed to have missed his schoolfellow very much, and as for his flowers, he was afraid they would all die, now that Harry was not there to help him in his garden.

Harry read each of the notes twice through, for they seemed to take him back to Naples, and made him very happy. He showed them to his papa and mamma, when they had finished reading their letters. "And now papa," he exclaimed, "when are we to see this wonderful Pope?"


"I have been inquiring about it, my boy," replied Mr. Vernon, "and I think we must go to St. Peters next Sunday. It is Palm Sunday, and I wish, now we are in Italy, to see one of the most magnificent ceremonies of the Romish church.

Mr. and Mrs. Montague called, and very agreeable people they proved to be; and when Mr. and Mrs. Vernon returned the call two days after, they found out that their new friends were very musical. Harry soon spied a piano in their room, and hoped some day to hear some music from it.

The 16th of March, 1845, was Palm Sunday; at half-past seven in the morning they started for St. Peters. Mrs. Vernon was obliged to be dressed in black, with no bonnet, but a veil

instead ; no lady is allowed to appear in the presence of the Pope in any other dress. Seats are raised for them in St. Peter's. Harry remained with his papa in the nave. At half past nine a loud knock was heard at the centre door of the cathedral, it is never opened for any one but the Pope, and then no hands touch it. Some machinery underneath opens the heavy gates. The soldiers formed a passage for the procession along the church, and then the Pope entered, sitting in his chair of state, supported on a litter, and borne on the shoulders of eight men, dressed in crimson. On each side of him was carried an immense fan, made of peacock's feathers. He was followed by numbers of cardinals, bishops, and priests, dressed in purple robes, embroidered with gold, and with very beautiful lace too. Then came officers and others in their most splendid costumes.

The motion of the chair, as it was borne along, obliged the Pope to shut his eyes, for it was known to make him quite giddy. As he just bent two of his fingers, the people round fell on their knees, for this was his blessing, and then he was taken out of his chair and placed on his throne. After having received the homage of each cardinal, and then the priests, each carrying what they call a palm branch, but which is in reality common wood cut in strips, they slowly approached the throne,



and the Pope blessed the branches, sprinkling them with holy water. After this, all the grand people present, who were entitled to do so, went up to the Pope and received a branch, and then the cardinals kissed his hand, the bishops kissed his knee, and all the rest kissed his toe, as they received it, The music poured forth its notes, but it was not the least like religious music. The Pope was again carried about the church, and then High Mass was performed. When the host was elevated (by this they mean the wafer which is given at the Communion, and which they pretend is changed into the real and true body of Christ), all present fell on their knees, excepting the Protestants and the soldiers who presented arms, and as the guns were at the same instant lowered on the pavement, the clashing sound quite startled all strangers present.

The service was now over; very wearied and hungry felt poor Harry—the noise and the glitter and the fatigue were all new to him—and he assured his mamma he had seen quite enough of the Pope; adding, “I hope it was not wrong, mamma, but I could only think of a Guy Fawkes as the Pope was carried in, he jogged about just like one, and he hardly looked as if he were alive, poor old man!”

Mrs. Vernon smiled, and said, “Well, my boy,

I do not much wonder at your thinking so, for he did look very like one. How we must pity these people who make religion a mere show."

As they attended the evening service at the English chapel, outside the walls of the city, (which is a large room, once used as a granary,) although no singing was allowed, and very quiet and simple was the service, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon did indeed enjoy the contrast; and as the hearty response came from the hundreds there, in a language all could understand, a response to prayers of such matchless beauty, many a hearty thanksgiving too ascended to God for the light of his truth, the knowledge of Christ Jesus, and the blessings of Protestantism. Good Friday, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon felt to be the anniversary of a day so sacred, that they preferred attending the English service, and as much as possible forgetting all the mummeries going on around them. They had been shocked to see many of the ceremonies of the previous days, and many of the customs of the people were singularly and coarsely irreverent. In some of the shops butter was done up in the form of a dead Christ! very shocking it was to see such a disgusting use made of so solemn an event, but it was quite common.

Mr. Montague called on the Saturday and told them he had been into a church in which they

acted the crucifixion. A jointed figure was fastened to a cross with monks and priests in attendance. One was preaching in the most exciting manner, pointing to the figure, till amidst the sobs and groans of the people, it was taken down from the cross, each limb falling helplessly like death! It so shocked him that he could not remain to see the end of it.

He told Harry there were two sights to come, which he thought would please him more than anything else; the illumination of St. Peter's on Easter Day, and the fireworks the next night.

And so they did. The whole outside of St. Peter's was traced out with lamps, and then as the clock struck eight, larger lights were lighted in every direction, till more than six thousand were burning, and the whole building looked like some fairy scene. The next evening Mr. and Mrs. Montague joined them, and they all went to the seats hired by them on the banks of the Tiber, opposite to the castle of St. Angelo, or the Tomb of Hadrian, as it used to be.


Thousands were congregating in expectation of the sight, and for two long hours all were kept waiting.

The yellow waters of the river glided by, and with them the thoughts of many of the party were carried down the stream of Time. Every

now and then Harry roused them by exclaiming, " I think they are going to begin ; " but he said this so often, and the fireworks never came, that they laughed at him. At last, just as they were in the midst of a laugh, off went four thousand rockets at once, from the centre of the castle ; all the cannon fired at the same time, and the noise, seemed to leave every one deaf, after it. This is intended to represent an eruption of Vesuvius, and is called the Girandola. Far up in the dark indigo sky these rockets broke into every variety of shape ; serpents, glittering balls of varied colours, came showering down, and were reflected in the old Tiber, which seemed on flame with it all. Presently an immense waterfall of fire came pouring over the sides of the castle. Then a house was represented with different coloured lights at each window ; all at once it appeared to take fire, and all sorts of beautiful fireworks came bursting out of it. Many other changes took place, and then came a second explosion, as loud and grand as the first, and all was over. Harry had never seen good fireworks before, and greatly enjoyed them.

Day after day there was always some spot of interest to visit ; the travellers were always busy, and saw so much, that it would take a much larger book than this to tell only half of it.

One morning they drove to the tomb of Cecilia



Metella—this too had been turned into a castle and fort in the middle ages—but the inscription was left uninjured, which still informs the world whose ashes had been placed there; the circular walls were as solid as ever, but all else was neglect and decay; the ivy grows luxuriantly over it, and greatly adds to the beauty of the ruin. It is two miles out of Rome, on the silent and grass green *campagna*. Harry quite enjoyed a run over the fields covered with their many wild flowers. After rambling about for some time they came to a cluster of trees, and near it down in a valley, was the Fountain of Egeria. Harry had read all about this spot, and was delighted to see it.

“Papa,” he said, “do you really think this old marble figure was here, and the water dripping from it, when Numa Pompilius used to come and consult the nymph?”

“It is impossible to tell, my boy,” replied Mr. Vernon. “You must remember Numa was the next king of Rome after Romulus, so that if this be the same image, it is indeed very old.”

Harry—“I suppose, papa, the nymph Egeria was something like a Sibyl. I wonder if she was as clever as ours!”

Mrs. Vernon laughed and said, “I am sure Numa needed a very clever one, to help him in governing such a rough warlike people, which he

did for forty-three years, preserving peace all that time. But you know it is only said he encouraged the report which was spread of his coming here to consult the nymph, that it might make his laws more imposing. He was a great philosopher, and very reluctantly became king ; being glad enough perhaps of this quiet retreat, for it was then a thick wood."

Mrs. Vernon found a crocus growing near to the fountain, a very beautiful one, orange and purple, it was dug up at once, and a bunch of blossoms gathered by Harry, to be pressed. Some pieces of marble, too, were bought in a little ruined temple near, which had been collected by some men, so they went home with many relics.

Mr. Vernon ordered the coachman to stop at the tomb of the Scipios ; and as they entered the garden in which it was discovered, Mr. Vernon said, " We must remember the famous Scipio Africanus, the conqueror of Hannibal, was not buried here but at Liturnum, by his own desire. This is the tomb of his great grand-father, Lucius Cornelius Scipio ; when his sarcophagus was opened the skeleton was entire, though it had been buried two thousand years. He lived more than three hundred years before Christ. You remember, Harry, this sarcophagus is in the Vatican Museum ? "

Harry—"Oh yes, papa, I remember it well, it is a beautiful shape. I hope you will buy a model of it, for I have seen some in a shop."

Mr. Vernon—"Yes, I intend to do so, for this is the most ancient tomb in Rome, and the very name of Scipio seems to take one back to stirring times in Roman and Carthaginian history."

There are several chambers dug out of the rock forming the tomb. Six sarcophagi were found, but now nothing remains beyond inscriptions, attached to the recesses in which they were placed. As the tomb was dark and damp, a short visit sufficed; and on coming out, they heard a very curious smothered sort of noise, and as a man was standing near, with a broad grin on his face, Mr. Vernon asked him what the noise was. He went up to a sack, and holding it open, what should they see inside, but hundreds of frogs, crawling and croaking in a most uncomfortable style.

The man laughed at their disgust, and assured them they were very good, very fine eating, he had collected them for that purpose.

"I should decline such a dinner," said Mrs. Vernon, and they all passed on, not at all pleased with this exhibition of frogs.

The crocus was duly planted, the flowers pressed, and the pieces of marble labelled, when they reached home.


The fifteenth of April, being Harry's birthday, an excursion to Tivoli, with Mr. and Mrs. Montague was arranged. It is eighteen miles from Rome, and a place of wondrous beauty, as the travellers soon found out. Its ancient name was Tibur, and it was founded nearly five centuries before Rome, being a very formidable rival of the eternal city, but the famous Camillus, who was called a second Romulus, from his services to his country, defeated the city, and it was ever afterwards subject to Rome.

Soon after starting, the most pouring rain, a Roman rain began, a council was held, and some were for turning back, but the hopeful ones, seemed convinced it would leave off, so they carried the day. Presently, drip, drip, came the rain through the roof of the carriage. "Here is an umbrella, papa," said Harry, for he had generally a remedy at hand, it was put up, and looked very comical inside the carriage.

"Never mind," said Mr. Vernon, "if Dr. Syntax viewed the lakes in the rain, I am sure we may see Tivoli, and the waterfalls will be very full after it."

Happily it cleared off in an hour, and they soon came to a small lake, called, "Lago di Tattaro."

The sulphurous smell from it was very bad in-



deed, this having been once the crater of a volcano. The water is so petrifying, that it is gradually filling up its own bed. All the party collected beautiful petrifications, like white moss, or very fine coral. Harry was zealously collecting a store of it, when as he approached a tree, it appeared as if numbers of the green leaves fell into the water at the same moment, what did they prove to be, but small green frogs ! How they managed to get up the tree, puzzled Harry, but there they were, swimming about in the water, and a few brave ones still among the branches, looking down upon him with a sort of quiet indifference. He ran to tell the rest of the party of his discovery, and in so doing, went too near the edge of the lake, and its petrified bank gave way. However, Harry caught hold of some branches, and with the exception of wet feet, and rather a sprained ankle, he was not much the worse. Fortunately his beautiful petrifications were safe.

They all thought the smell *here* bad enough, but it was much worse further on, as they passed over a canal cut to drain the Lake Solfatara ; the water is white, like milk, and so very offensive, they were obliged to beg the coachman to drive on as fast as ever he could.

After taking lunch at Tivoli, they started for the falls. Three of them soon came in sight, one

seemed all spray, so light and feathery that it hardly looked like water. Another was far more business like, and came rolling over the black rock with a great roar. These were formed by two side streams of the river. The third fall was the river Anio itself, it comes rushing dark and deep through two tunnels, which were with great difficulty cut for it through the rock not long ago, as its previous channel was so choked up, that the river frequently inundated the town. There it came, sweeping along with fearful rapidity, and then, in one solid mass, dashed over the fall of eighty feet, boiling and foaming quite in a fury below. Harry had never seen a waterfall before of any size, and here were three, all at once. Nothing was to be heard, but their ceaseless roar, and that going on always, for all time! He seemed not at all more inclined to speak than the rest, so there they stood in silent wonder.

The scene around, too, was very beautiful, close by their side at the top of the cliff where they were standing, opposite the falls, were two ancient temples, and presently Harry asked his papa their names.

"This beautiful round one, close to us, you will look at with great interest, my boy. It is supposed to be the temple of the Tiburtine Sibyl."

"Why, papa," said Harry, "they must, indeed,

have valued her, to build such a very beautiful temple as this in her honour. Let us walk round it."

"This ancient city," remarked Mr. Montague, "must have been very splendid—are you scholar enough, young gentleman, to remember Virgil calls it 'Superbum Tibur.' I find this motto is still on the city arms."

"I do not remember that," replied Harry; "but even if I had read it, I might have forgotten it was near Rome, and then you know, Mr. Montague, it is so different to read about a place from what it is to see it."

"Yes," he replied, "it is, I own. Perhaps the beautiful Queen Zenobia sometimes stood on this very spot as well as the poetical Virgil, and hundreds more of the learned amongst Rome's wonderful men. This said Queen though, tried to make quite an eastern home of it here, and lived with all the pomp of an Eastern princess."

The other temple is now made into a Romanist church, and is said to have been dedicated to Vesta.

A narrow path down the side of the cliff led to the grotto of Neptune. The two side streams of the river unite after their fall, and rush through this hole in the rock. Very wild and gloomy was the scene and the noise quite deafening.

The party then ascended the other side of the

cliff, and stood by the edge of the river—just above the fall—it rushes on with such tremendous force that some of them felt quite giddy in looking at it.

Donkeys were then provided for the ladies, and a beautiful road led them in front of some more waterfalls, called the Cascatelle. They fall over a cliff a hundred feet high, and are formed by several streams, each one taking the leap by itself.

“Don’t you think, mamma,” said Harry, “the water looks quite alive—quite joyful, at being in such a beautiful place? and what a beautiful valley it all runs into, it seems to be making great haste to get there.”

Tivoli greatly charmed them all; and when Mr. Vernon looked at his watch, and said they must return to the hotel and start home, they were very sorry indeed to find time had gone on so fast. However Harry’s ankle began to ache, and his mamma and Mrs. Montague looked so tired, that no objection was made. As they walked up the main street of Tivoli, the houses looked miserable and dirty enough; a strange contrast to the great beauties they had just left.

At the bottom of a steep hill by which they left the town, were the ruins of a splendid villa, built by Hadrian. Harry was most anxious to see

it, and begged his papa to stop—but “No,” was the reply. Mr. Vernon and Mr. Montague both agreed it was too late and the party too tired. Harry was so sorry about it, that if he had not taken care, it would have partly spoilt the pleasure of the day, but he thought to himself, “Well, perhaps, if I were to walk much more on this unfortunate ankle of mine I should be quite lame; and mamma is very tired.”

He told her his thoughts about it presently, when she made a remark about his disappointment, for she knew how much he had set his heart upon it, and felt for her boy. “However,” she added, “I dare say papa will let you ride on the coach-box, and you will see some of the terraces and ruins in the distance.” The carriage was stopped, and Harry pleased enough to have such a high seat whence to look over the country.

“What a happy boy yours seems to be,” said Mrs. Montague to Mrs. Vernon; “he quite amuses me with his determination to make the best of everything. I wish I could do so—it would have saved me many a gloomy hour.”

Mrs. Vernon smiled and replied, “Yes, his papa and I have always tried to encourage this habit in him as much as possible, for life has many clouds, and we wish him always to see the ‘bright light in the cloud,’ of which Job tells us.”

Mrs. Montague looked thoughtful and sad, and after awhile told Mrs. Vernon that her two children both died, and she had never been happy since. That Harry reminded her in his face of her boy, adding, "My husband was struck with the likeness too, the first moment he saw him, so you must not wonder, Mrs. Vernon, we have taken a great fancy to your son."

"Well, mamma," Harry exclaimed, when he bid her good night, "what a glorious birthday this has been of mine! I have entered my teens at Rome and Tivoli, only think of that, mamma!"

"It has indeed been a glorious day for you, my dear boy. I hope as each year comes, you will grow better and wiser. Let that one word '*Influence*,' which I have sometimes spoken to you about, be more thought of. Remember the youngest has some influence for good or evil, and let your aim be, to do good to others, and to get good from them; silently and quietly can this work often be done."

When he entered his bed-room, he saw two packets on his table. A marble model of the sarcophagus of Scipio, which contained an inkstand, as a birthday present from his papa, and a book of views in Rome, from his mamma. So down he ran again to thank them.

The following day Mr. Vernon pointed out to

him the Inquisition. It is a large building with nothing particular in its appearance, but it made each of the party shudder as they passed it.

"Do you think, papa, there are any people in prison there now?" said Harry.

Mr. Vernon—"I have no doubt there are, it is quite necessary in every country to have prisons—but then you see in Italy men are imprisoned for reading the Bible, and if they will persist in doing so—and in believing *that* alone to be their rule of faith, as we Protestants believe it to be, they are often kept there for life or else put to death in the most shocking manner."

Harry—"But, papa, it is the very way to make Protestants of them when the priests treat the people like babies, and pretend to cure them with a doll when they are ill, and all that sort of thing."

Mr. Vernon—"You are mistaken, Harry, it does not make Protestants of them; for the Bible you know is not allowed in Rome—but the men become infidels, and do not believe in God or in any religion."


They now came to a church Mr. Vernon wished to see, called Santa Croce. In it is a list of the relics contained there—Harry had diligently studied Italian, so he could now read for himself.

"Oh, mamma," he said, "do come here, and

look at this list ; there is in this cathedral ‘ The finger of St. Thomas, the Apostle, which touched the rib of Christ.’ How absurd ! how can people tell which finger he used, and how could they get it ? and here it says, ‘ A phial full of the precious blood of Jesus Christ ;’ and ‘ A piece of stone where our Lord sat after having fasted ;’ why really, mamma, even children could tell the priests they *could* not find such things as these.”

“ It is strange, indeed, that these absurd relics, and hundreds more like them, should have received the seal of some archbishop to prove their truth and their fitness to be worshipped,” replied Mrs. Vernon ; “ and one of the worst things about Romanism is its untruthfulness. It is very wicked to *tell* a lie ; but for priests and bishops to practise one, and that for years, is worse still, especially as it is done for gain.”

They now drove to a building which contains, as the Romanists pretend, the staircase of Pilate’s house, which our Lord descended when he left the judgment-seat. It is only allowed to be descended on the knees, and such thousands do so, that the stairs are covered with wood, as the stones were quite wearing away. In a chapel at the summit is a painting of our Saviour, by St. Luke, as it is pretended. This chapel is held to be so sacred that no woman is allowed to enter



it. Harry was surprised at this, as well he might be, and very much shocked too, as each of the party were, to see women and children toiling up the stairs on their knees.

Mr. Vernon thought they should now like to visit the Mamertine prison, one of the oldest buildings in Rome.

"I find," said Mr Vernon, "that the building is of Etruscan origin, that Cataline and his accomplices were confined there, and Jugurtha starved to death in one of the cells."

After descending a flight of stairs they arrived at a dark and small room; the guide reverently took off his hat, telling them that the place was very sacred, for St. Peter was confined as prisoner there. He then showed them a pillar to which they pretend he was bound, and an altar at which he said mass! The idea of St. Peter saying mass was so truly absurd, that poor Harry laughed aloud.

The man added, that as the jailer wished to be baptized, a fountain all at once opened in the floor; and he pointed to a hole which contained very dirty looking water, as the one. At the side of the room was a slab of marble covered by a grating, with a hollow in the surface. They were informed that as St. Peter descended into the prison, a soldier struck him so violently, as to knock his head

against the stone, leaving the impression of his head upon it.

"Why, mamma, how very absurd such a thing sounds!" exclaimed Harry.

"Of course, Harry," replied Mrs. Vernon, "the Romanists pretend that it was a miracle. I wonder they have faith enough to believe such nonsense, and yet not faith enough to trust simply in Jesus, as the one mediator between God and man, and their Redeemer, to save them, without any need of such foolish means as they employ to gain heaven."

As the Tarpeian rock is near the prison, they walked to see it. It is a precipice over which Roman criminals used to be thrown, but it is not so high as it used to be, from the quantity of rubbish which has gradually accumulated at the bottom.

"We must be very busy," said Mr. Vernon, the next morning at breakfast, "there is only a week left us now for Rome. Suppose we go to the Vatican Museum to-day, it will be our last visit."

The Etruscan antiquities much interested them, and are very valuable.

"Papa," exclaimed Harry, "this must be the bronze war chariot Mr. Ferguson told us to notice. How finely it is ornamented."

"Yes, this is it," replied Mr. Vernon; "and

look at this statue of a warrior, made of bronze too. I think your Uncle Vernon would not despise such a brave looking man as he in his regiment; the helmet ends in a cone, and how well the coat of mail is worked in the bronze. It is difficult to believe this statue is nearly three thousand years old, is it not, Harry?"

Harry—"It is indeed, papa. O look at all these gold ornaments, brooches, and earrings, and brace lets, they are quite as well made as those we saw at Genoa. How clever the Etruscans were."

After spending some hours in the many rooms of the Vatican, and being almost puzzled to know whether they liked statues or paintings best, they left and entered St. Peter's. Here they met Mr. and Mrs. Montague, and as the two ladies were tired, they remained down stairs, while the rest ascended to the top. The broad staircase is so low in the step, that horses go up it with their loads—for many families live on the roof—as workmen are always needed to keep the cathedral in repair.

When the party arrived there, it seemed to them more like a village than a roof; and a fountain of water always flowing, looked very curious.

Up they mounted again over the mighty dome, or rather inside, for there is an outer and an inner one, and the staircase is between the two—then


up again to the lantern, and then to the base of the ball, which is gilt, and large enough to hold sixteen persons.

It has a gallery outside, and as they walked round it the view was most magnificent. The whole of Rome, the desolate campagna, the chain of the Apennine mountains on one side, the Mediterranean on the other.

For a long time they lingered to enjoy the scene, and when they descended, Mrs. Vernon and Mrs. Montague had left, as they had some shopping to do.

The following evening Mr. and Mrs. Vernon and Harry, dined at the Montagues. Harry had music to his heart's content, and heard a great deal about Italy, for Mr. Montague had travelled much in it. As he and Mrs. Montague were going the following week to Naples, they offered to take anything for Harry which he might like to send to his friends there, for he had told them about the happy days spent at Naples.

The next day Harry bought a small bronze model of the Temple of the Sibyl at Tivoli, as a present for Edith, and a copy of the book he had been reading with such interest lately, for Donald, "Rome in the Nineteenth Century." He could not find anything for Rose, till entering the English library, he saw a book for sketching. When




he reached home he slipped two of his own sketches into it—one of the Coliseum, the other part of the Palace of the Cæsars—for as he had been working hard at his drawing, he knew Rose would value them, and they really were very well done. A note was written with each of them, and he took the parcel to Mr. Montague.

He was just starting for a walk and asked Harry to go with him. They paid a visit to Gibson, the famous sculptor, and saw in his studio the cast of a statue which he had just finished, of Queen Victoria as Britannia, it had been ordered by Prince Albert.

It was modelled out of the mud of the Tiber, as this does better for the purpose than anything else. Mr. Gibson had been over to England, to take the likeness of the Queen, and gave Harry such an interesting account of his visits to the Palace. The oblong block of marble from which the statue had to be chiselled, and the many beautiful figures around, carved out of similar blocks, made Harry so wonder at the skill and art of such a man as Gibson.

After this call, Mr. Montague said, “Now we will go to the Palazzo Spada, and see a very old statue, and a very famous one too, of Pompey. It is supposed to be the one at whose base Julius Cæsar fell by the hand of Brutus.”



Harry looked at it with deep interest as Mr. Montague refreshed his memory by describing the last days of this wonderful emperor.

Some farewell visits had to be paid. Cameo and mosaic brooches bought, boxes packed, and then the 26th of April came. The carriage was waiting at the door, and by nine o'clock in the morning our travellers left the "Eternal City."

CHAPTER XI.


MANY a look was given towards Rome, as after leaving the campagna they mounted hill after hill, till the last look came, they then began to think of what was to be seen on the road.

There was not much the first day; Civita Castellana was their sleeping-place; several Etruscan tombs are to be found in the ravine forty or fifty feet deep, which almost encircles the town, this having been once a most important city of Etruria. The next day they started early, and reached Terni at two o'clock, and after a hasty lunch, drove in a lightcarriage to the famous waterfall.

Long steep hills brought them quite into mountain scenery—the road on either side looked very gay with flowers; the white heath grows into a tree, nine and ten feet high—the cyclamen too is a very common wild flower.

The roar of waters soon rose above every other sound, and after passing over the dry petrified bed which the river had gradually filled up for itself, so that a new channel was obliged to be cut for it, the travellers reached the first grand fall. It is nearly six hundred feet high; the spray rose in the most feathery and beautiful forms, and looked a most striking contrast to the vast body of dark water which the river Velino poured thundering down.

The scene was wild and magnificently beautiful; but one great annoyance tried the patience of all the party—the beggars, are of all beggars in the world, the most troublesome. At first Mr. Vernon bought some of the petrifications and crystals they had for sale; but that did not send them away, they kept on urging him to buy more, whining “Carita, Carita,” “Charity, Charity.” A steep path leads down the face of the cliff to the two other falls, for there are three altogether, and their entire height is a thousand feet. Mr. Vernon proposed to descend, but they were followed by the importunate troop who would not be silent; so he laughed and said, “We must enjoy the place in spite of its dirty and whining accompaniments.” They were too late for the rainbow which at twelve o’clock, from the position of the sun, is to be seen in the midst of the spray.



The other falls were exceedingly fine, and the mountains round were very wild and grand ; the foliage too, was most abundant. Each of the party agreed in preferring Terni to Tivoli.

“ Well, Harry,” said Mr. Vernon, “ I am sure you are well off, to have seen the two finest water-falls in Europe within a month. This river Velino has given trouble enough in its time ; it never intended to fall over this precipice at all ; but it did so much harm up above, that the old folks, two hundred and seventy years before Christ, were tired of it, so they sent it leaping over this tremendous cliff, and after all, that would not do ; so my friend Cicero came from Rome, and chose another channel for it, and since then three others have been made.”

“ Well, papa,” replied Harry, “ I think the ancients were wise in choosing such a lovely spot for the fall.”

After crossing the river by a light bridge, they gained an opposite view of the beautiful scene ; and returned through some grounds of a villa, which once belonged to Queen Caroline, to their carriage.

The road, the next morning after leaving Terni, was magnificent, and as they entered the valley of Clitummus, Harry anxiously looked out for the little river, (which used to be worshipped as a

god,) and the temple by its side. The water is wonderfully clear, and Harry gathered some flowers from its green banks with great interest.

Perugia was their sleeping place that night. The city is built on the top of a very steep hill, so steep that two oxen were yoked in front of the four horses to drag the carriage up.

About half way, the postilions stopped, as Mr. Vernon wished to see a famous Etruscan tomb lately discovered by an English gentleman.

It had been cut out of the rock, and contained one large vaulted chamber in the centre, with five others round—from the roof hung a small winged figure of bronze. “The genius of death,” as the Etruscans called it. The head of Medusa and the rising sun, and winged figures, were carved on the wall over the entrance, and serpents’ heads protruded from the walls.

In one chamber were five marble sarcophagi, with a recumbent figure carved on the top, so white and fresh, that it seemed impossible to believe their great age. They contained the bones of the master and mistress of the family and three children it is supposed. Everything else had been taken out of the tomb, and put with other such relics in a house near.

Perugia contains many Etruscan remains, for it was one of their important cities; so there was

a great deal to interest Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, and they determined to remain there the following day.

The morning after that, they started again on their travels. "Now, Harry," said Mr. Vernon. "we must look out for the Lake Thrasimene. We sleep on its shores to-night."

"Oh, here it is, papa," he presently exclaimed: "do stop the carriage to see this lovely view!"

They walked down the steep hill to the edge of the water, marvellously charmed with all they saw. A very curious homely little inn was their resting place. On its walls different people had written their opinion of it; one was, "Don't be frightened, the beds are clean, and the fish excellent." This was quite true; but a serious battle had to be fought the principal part of the night, between the unhappy travellers who wanted to sleep, and the mosquitoes which would not let them.

"Good morning, papa," said Harry the next day; "did you sleep well?"

"No, my boy," he replied, "nor you either, I fancy, by your looks. The mosquitoes reminded me of Hannibal and the Romans. They seemed to know we had just come from Rome, and fairly beat me, for I have been awake all night."

"I so often thought of Donald," said Harry.

"how he would have groaned and fought. Happily I had a good long sleep at last. But, papa, was it near here Hannibal defeated the Romans?"

"Yes, Harry, we shall, soon after starting, come to the battle-field. The historian Livy gives a most detailed account of the engagement."

Harry—"Do tell me something about it, papa. I like to hear of such great battles, and then to see the very place where it happened is so interesting."

Mr. Vernon—"It seems a strange contrast, my boy, to talk of battles, with all their horrible scenes of slaughter, in such an exquisitely peaceful scene as this. Hannibal's father and yours were great contrasts. He made his son swear, when only nine years old, he would never be at peace with the Romans, and for the sixteen years of his campaigns in Italy, he did indeed keep his vow. You remember, perhaps, reading of his crossing the Alps; when we see them a few weeks hence, you will indeed wonder at his skill, and enterprise, and perseverance. On he came towards Rome, spreading desolation everywhere. In this plain of Thrasimene, he managed to hem in the Romans. They were commanded by the Consul Flaminius—a headstrong conceited man—and there they fought. An earthquake shook the ground under them—but all was unheeded—and

at last, after three hours' fighting, Flaminius fell. His death was the signal for flight, fifteen thousand Romans being left dead on the field. There is a small stream still called Sanquinetto, for on that memorable day it ran with blood."

Harry thought with his papa, the still and peaceful lake was a great contrast, and presently they started in the carriage. There was no mistaking the battle-field, a plain, surrounded by hills, and when they reached the stream, all the party alighted.

"When did the battle take place, papa?" asked Harry.

"Two hundred and seventeen years B. C.," replied Mr. Vernon. "Hannibal enticed the Romans into this swampy plain, there being a thick fog at the time; and the pass by which they entered, the same as that through which we have just come, was immediately taken possession of by Hannibal's troops, and then his soldiery rushed down from the surrounding hills upon the enemy. The lake you see cut off all retreat—so no wonder the loss of life was dreadful. I find that old circular building at the top of the hill is still called 'The tower of Hannibal, the Carthaginian,' and this stream, 'The bloody rivulet.'"


Corn fields and plantations of olive trees now cover the ground; and as they returned to the

carriage, Mrs. Vernon asked her husband to gather an olive branch. "For now," she added, "all is peace, and we cannot do better than carry away its emblem with us."

The road for the whole day charmed them with its loveliness. They passed Cortona with its massive Etruscan walls, and reached Arezzo in good time, so after dinner the cathedral was visited. The painted windows in it are beautiful, and reminded them of some in York Minster. A figure of the Virgin Mary appeared to be the object of many prayers, as one and another knelt before it. The sacristan told Mr. Vernon she was a miraculous image; that during a severe earthquake, the priests took her out of the church, and this image had immediately stopped it. The poor man evidently quite believed the lie, and hundreds of others, who bring it money notwithstanding their poverty, believe it too.

Over one of the doors of the cathedral, are placed many fossil tusks, which are thought by some to be relics of the elephants of Hannibal. In returning to their hotel, they saw the house in which the famous poet Petrarch was born.

One more day's journey brought them to Florence, where they were to remain a fortnight. As they entered the city, a flower girl, in her pretty costume, and large Leghorn hat, threw into the



carriage the loveliest bouquets of white cape jessamine and the pink rose de mot. As the carriage waited outside the hotel, with Harry in it, while his papa and mamma were gone to look at the rooms, she came up, and in good English said to him, "I hope you have had a pleasant journey," but as that was all the English she knew, Harry talked to her in Italian. Whenever she saw them afterwards, during their stay in the city, they received flowers from her, and then on leaving, a present of money is of course expected by these flower girls, which Mr. Vernon gave with pleasure, for she had kept them well supplied with rare and lovely flowers.

Florence is the capital of Tuscany. This small state is governed by the Grand Duke, who has all the power, and lives in the style of a king. This part of Italy is not nearly so degraded as the Papal or Neapolitan dominions, but still Romanism is the religion of the country, and superstition in the people the groundwork of it all.

One of the first drives Mr. and Mrs. Vernon took, was to the summit of a hill called Bellosquardo. They entered the garden of a villa, which had been the last home of Galileo, and while there, Milton, our wonderful English poet, visited him. The view from the terrace of the garden is most beautiful. The city beneath, the

river Arno flowing through it, and then winding its way along the valley. Hills covered with the brightest green woods, and the Apennines closing in the scene.

"What a spot was this," said Mrs. Vernon, "for two such men to enjoy nature and each other in. We ought to have brought a copy of Milton with us; but," she added, with a smile, "perhaps papa's memory can supply the deficiency."

Mr. Vernon replied, "Some lines of his were almost on my lips; how well we can fancy him penning them here,—

‘ These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair, Thyself how wondrous then ! ’ ”

Other favourite passages came to Mr. Vernon's mind; as he repeated them, two little green lizards were playing on the wall close to Harry. They were quite harmless, and he amused himself with watching them. Over the door of the villa is a marble tablet, to record its having been the last home of Galileo, and that Milton had been his guest.

"Poor man," exclaimed Mr. Vernon, "how little did he think, as one scientific discovery after another absorbed his mind, of the cruel persecution he should have to endure in consequence ;

and how sad it must have been to his friend Milton to find him here still a prisoner of the Inquisition, though allowed to live in this villa Arcetri, banished, however, out of the city, broken-hearted and weary, after a cruel imprisonment too in the Inquisition at Rome !”

“ But, papa,” asked Harry, “ why did the cardinals and priests dislike him so, and put him in that dreadful Inquisition ?”

Mr. Vernon—“ Because the priests accused him of sorcery and satanic help in his discoveries. You can fancy how great their ignorance must have been !”

Florence abounds in pictures, statues, bronzes, and other choice works of art, so that all who visit the city, and wish to see them, have to work hard.

The Palazzo Vecchio, is where the famous family of the Medici, who long governed Tuscany, used to live, and the travellers wished to go over it. It is a most imposing massive building, with a high tower or campanile. This they ascended, and enjoyed the view from it. One room in the palace is amongst the largest in Europe. The guide told them, that in the dungeons of a fortress near at hand, one of the de Medicis had some vaults made for his treasures. The iron door is closed by a lock, which, by its discharge of pistols,

would kill any one attempting to open it, unless he knew the secret of turning the key."

One afternoon, Mr. Vernon proposed a drive to a neighbouring convent, to see the famous fresco painting of the last supper, by Andrea Sarchi. After they had greatly admired its beauties, Mr. Vernon inquired the way to a convent Mr. Montague had mentioned to him. They drove near it, but as there was nothing remarkable to be seen, Harry asked his papa why they had come there?

"Did you not hear what Mr. Montague said about it?" asked Mr. Vernon.

"No, papa, do tell me," replied Harry.

"It was a long story, my boy," said Mr. Vernon, "but I will cut it as short as possible. A friend of Mr. Montague, who had for years been resident in Florence, was there at the time the event occurred, and knew it to be true. An Italian nobleman had two sons, the eldest he disliked, and wished the second to receive the greater part of his property at his death; but this was contrary to the laws of the country, so he devised this plan. He often spoke to the eldest of the great holiness and privilege of a monastic life, but the boy had no fancy to be a monk. When he became a man, his illness and death were reported; the funeral took place, and nothing more was thought of

him. Some years after, a poor monk was discovered in a field a mile or two off from this spot. He appeared very ill and bewildered, unable to give any account of himself, but the peasants near knew by his dress from which convent he came. They led him back to it, and inquired of the monks, what they knew about him? 'He is one of us, we know by his dress, but none of us have seen him before,' was the reply. The superior was sent for. 'Oh yes,' he said to their inquiries, 'leave the matter to me, I know all about it;' and away he led the poor trembling man.

"However, the Grand Duke would not let the matter rest, and insisted on an inquiry. It was then ascertained that the cruel father had by some means conveyed his son away to this convent, his illness and burial being a pretence. He had bribed the superior to keep him a close prisoner for life, as they had not quite courage enough to murder him.

"A long time afterwards, one of the men of the house, while looking for wood in an inner cellar, heard some noise, which roused his curiosity, and he pushed open a small door. To his horror, he beheld a monk, looking most ghastly and dirty to a horrible degree. The poor creature implored him to help him to escape, by leaving the door unlocked, and so won upon the man's feelings, he

did it. But years of confinement and misery, and then freedom, with no knowledge of the neighbourhood, or whither to fly, were too much for him; he sank insensible, and was found by the peasants."

"Oh, how very shocking papa!" exclaimed Harry; "is it really true, and what became of him?"

Mr. Vernon—"All is quite true. It was found out that the cruel superior had once a day taken him a little food, but he had never seen the light of heaven or left his prison. You will not wonder when I tell you, the poor man's reason has never returned to him, and he is now in a lunatic asylum."

"I only wish I were Grand Duke," said Harry, "all these convents should be pulled down; or if the people must have them, I would have magistrates go all over them, in the cellars too, once a week."

"That would be a capital plan," replied *Mr. Vernon*, "to have them all under government inspection, both in Italy or England; but you see, my boy, the Romanists can never do without secrecy. A day is coming when the deeds of men will be revealed, and that before a God of infinite justice, who will recompense to every

man according to his work. Let us often think of that day!"

The public drive of Florence is a most pleasant one, belonging to the Grand Duke. Hundreds of carriages, and ladies, and gentlemen on horse-back, are to be seen there of an afternoon and evening. The flower girls abound with their baskets full of bouquets. The trees, too, are very fine. The stone-pine cypress and ilex particularly, forming such a good contrast to the bright green of the acacia and Spanish chesnut. The birds sing most melodiously, particularly the nightingale, and the fire-flies with their cheerful light as night comes on,—all this makes it a very favourite drive.


In the palace are two paintings which Harry never forgot, nor does any one who has seen them, they are so very beautiful. Both are of the Virgin Mary and infant Jesus; one by Murillo, the other by Raphael. Mrs. Vernon regularly took her chair, and sat to study them, particularly the one by Raphael.

After looking at them for some time, Harry turned to his mamma, and said, "How is it, that in Italy we are so constantly seeing pictures of the Virgin Mary, and so few of Jesus Christ, excepting as a little boy?"

"I have often remarked this," replied Mrs. Vernon; "but it seems to me quite consistent with their religion. You see the Virgin Mary is *worshipped* by them, and they pay her far more honour than Jesus Christ, and pray to her for help. It is just as any one would act who looked to me for any favour. They would honour you as my son, and try to interest you on their behalf, but the one to grant the boon would be myself. Very awful are some of the prayers said to her, if they were not in print, it would be scarcely possible to believe such words could be addressed to one, who, though honoured above all women, by being the mother of the Lord Jesus, was still an ordinary mortal, and seldom spoken of in Scripture."

The fortnight passed quickly by, and our travellers were preparing to start for Venice. Mr. Vernon found the procession of the donkey would take place the next morning, which was Sunday. As it passed their hotel before church time, they easily saw it.

First of all came numbers of priests chanting, and boys carrying lighted candles, they were followed by girls dressed very gaily, and numbers of peasants, and then the donkey. On it was a lovely child, its only clothing being a tight-fitting light pink silk dress, so that at a distance it



looked as if it had nothing on, fastened to its back was a pair of silver wings. Girls dressed in white followed, then priests, boys with candles, and carts, bearing presents from the peasantry of the neighbourhood, of oil, and olives, &c. These were given to the priests of the church, when the ceremony was completed.

Formerly the donkey was led up to the altar, and the people after each prayer, used to make a braying noise, but this is not allowed now, and the donkey is left at the church door, as it had sometimes behaved very badly during the service. This ceremony is intended to represent the flight into Egypt, but all seemed mummery and nonsense to Harry, and like nothing he read of in the Bible.

The journey the next day was quite among the Apennines. The mountain air so freshened our travellers, after the heat of Florence, that Harry particularly felt quite frisky, and was always ready to walk up the hills. They reached Bologna in the evening, and after a stroll in the town, and a purchase, of course, of some of its famous sausages, a night's rest was most welcome.

The next day they reached Ferrara. Harry most carefully marked their route on his map, and learnt the geography of Italy, as he often

said, in such a way that he should never forget it.

This town contains some relics of a new kind to Harry. First of all, they visited the cell in which the great Italian poet, Tasso, was long confined as prisoner. Many visitors had written their names on the door, amongst them, Lord Byron. Ariosto's house they saw, and then his manuscript poems and inkstand; and Tasso's written poems also, which are kept as great treasures in the public library.

Early the following morning, they started for Padua, and after leaving their carriage at the hotel there, they took the train to the water's edge, opposite Venice.

There, two miles out at sea rose the city! The spot at which our travellers arrived was all marshy, with no houses on it, only a small railway station. No trees growing, and all around looking desolate and sandy, but there was Venice, "The Bride of the Sea," and it was quite enough to have that to look at.

Several gondolas were waiting at the water's edge, their rowers calling out loudly for passengers.

Mr. Vernon secured seats in one, and after a little delay, the rowing match began, for there

appeared to be a great spirit of rivalry amongst the men.

Harry greatly enjoyed this, it was something so new to him, he had often read of such scenes, and longed to see them and their gondola, too, preserved the start of the rest. All seemed more like a dream than reality.

Mr. Vernon pointed to the arches, then being built in the sea for the railroad, which was to go quite into Venice. All the party were glad they had come before it was completed, as it was so much more appropriate to reach the city in the gondola. The centre of the boat had a black awning, coloured ones are not allowed now, because there used to be so many fights between the yellows, and blues, and reds, each being party colours.

At the Custom House Mr. Vernon hired a smaller boat for themselves, without any covering, as they could then see about them better. He found it was necessary to have a soldier accompany them, that the Austrian authorities might at once know the house or hotel to which strangers went.

"Why, papa," exclaimed Harry, "it looks as if we were prisoners. I am glad we don't have this at home "

"So am I," replied his papa, "no country is so free as our own happy England."

They now entered the Grand Canal, it winds through the city like the letter S. On either side are magnificent palaces. The sea washing the steps of each door. A glorious sunset lit up every part of the houses, and though all told a tale of neglect, decay, and glory departed, still the bright ruddy light cheered and brightened them up wonderfully, like the magic of a loving smile to a sad heart. One gondola after another rapidly passed them, no sound like the busy hum of a city met the ear, nothing but the measured splash of the oar, and the voices of the boatmen. Venice was very full of visitors, so after a little difficulty they were obliged to be contented with rooms at the top of a high hotel.

A thunder-storm in the night, brought with it such a hurricane, that the sea in the canal the next morning was very rough. Opposite to Mr. Vernon's sitting-room was a ferry, for there are a great many narrow passages in Venice for foot-passengers, and though bridges over the canals are common, ferries are wanted as well. Harry was much amused to watch the gondola, as it carried the people across, and as Italians generally think it necessary to talk very loud, and shout in all cases of difficulty, the noise they made as one

large wave after another almost threatened to upset the boat, and the difficulty too of getting in and out, made it a very lively scene. As Mrs. Vernon had no wish for a toss, they preferred walking in some of the passages. The back door of their hotel led to one, and after passing over several small canals, they arrived at a large open square, called the Piazza St. Marco. Fine colonnades, three sides of it with shops under them, and then the cathedral, and high tower at the fourth side, made it look most imposing, unlike anything they had seen before.

"Suppose we mount that tower, or campanile, at once," said Mr. Vernon, "and we shall have a bird's eye view of the whole city." Up and up they went, a weary pilgrimage to the top, but they were well rewarded for their trouble. They seemed quite mounted into the sky.

"There, Harry, are the Alps!" exclaimed Mr. Vernon, but they were so distant, no idea of their height could be gained.

A man is always stationed at the top of this tower, to give notice in case of fire, and to strike the bell at stated times. Most strange it looked to have the sea all round, and one island after another spread out before them.

"What a famous place this would be, papa," said Harry, "to study the stars from, would it not?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Vernon, "and others have thought so before you. Galileo amongst them. He made most important astronomical discoveries from this very spot, through one of his famous telescopes."

They were surprised to find that the small canals and bridges of Venice were not visible, as the houses are so high and near together. A most refreshing breeze came from the sea, and our travellers lingered more than an hour to enjoy it, and the striking view spread out before them.

After descending, Mr. Vernon pointed to a curious clock near the cathedral. Two bronze giants are placed by the side of a large bell, to strike the hours on it. Twelve o'clock soon came, and Harry was vastly amused to see first one, and then the other, raise his great club and knock the bell.

Mr. Vernon told him, that it is said, one of the figures committed murder, by knocking a poor man off the parapet with his hammer, as the clock was striking.

Five minutes after the hour had been struck, the figures set to work again. Every hour is thus repeated. "Why, papa," said Harry, "how their arms must ache, when they come to twice twenty-four."

Harry returned to the hotel quite rich in purchases of bead bags and purses. A model of a gondola, particularly pleased him, and he bought three of them.

The sea was perfectly calm the next day, and in the afternoon they started for one of the many neighbouring islands called Isola Lido. They had two gondoliers to row them, these men always stand rowing forwards. As the elegant gondola glided over the water, Harry thought he had never enjoyed anything so much before. His papa told him Lord Byron lived for some time at Venice, and wishing for horse exercise, he had a stable built on this island Lido, and used to ride up and down it every day. Many of the Venetians looked upon this as a great feat. "For you know, Harry," he added "most of the children here, have never seen horses and carriages, so no wonder they stared at Lord Byron's horses."

Part of the island is the Jews' burying ground, and after passing through it, our travellers came to hills of sand and stones, and then the open sea.

The sands were delightful, with plenty of shells on them, and after a good run, and his favourite chase after the waves, Harry began to collect some.

"You must remember, my boy," said Mrs. Vernon, "these are the waves of the Adriatic sea, not your favourite Mediterranean."

"Oh, yes, mamma," he replied, "I remember it, and was just thinking the blue is not so deep, nor the waves half so full of fun and spray as my old friends were, they seem lazy and tired here."

Mr. Vernon sat down to sketch, and Mrs. Vernon read to him meanwhile out of Rogers' "Italy." Harry soon joined them, when he found out this, and had no trouble in sketching on that day, as "perseverance" had been sometimes whispered in his ear, and he determined he would some day or other draw as well as his papa. The sunset was most beautiful as they left the island, the snowy Alps had a blush of crimson over them, and the city shone and glittered like some fairy scene. Mrs. Vernon began a favourite song of theirs, "Beautiful Venice," and as they all three sang it most sweetly, a light breeze sprang up, as if it determined to carry the sounds to its favourite lurking place, "The Bride of the Sea."

Darkness came quickly on, lights flitted about like fireflies, for each gondola carries a lamp at its prow, and by Mr. Vernon's order the gondola stopped at the grand flight of steps leading to the Piazza St. Marco. Here was indeed a contrast to the silent and grass-grown island they had just left. Ladies and children, most gaily dressed, and gentlemen, were seated under the colonnade, or in the square, sipping coffee, and eating ices, and a

fine military band was playing in the most animated style. Numberless lamps were lighted, and Mr. and Mrs. Vernon thought it would be the best plan to follow the example of the rest, and order some ices too.

Harry was quite pleased to hear this, and for an hour they sat listening to the music, and watching the people. Different cakes and fruits were vended about by little boys. Strawberries and currants, which had been glazed all over by dipping them into a strong syrup, were very nice, and quite new to the travellers.

As they rowed home, the scene looked more strange than ever; the black waters of the canal, and the many lamps reflected in it; one gondola after another flitting past them, bearing gaily dressed ladies to the Square of St. Marco; the peculiar shout of warning of the gondolier, as he suddenly turned his gondola round the corner of some side canal; everything seemed to Harry like a dream, and he really made a long dream of it all night.

CHAPTER XII.

IN the year 697, the first Doge, or head magistrate of Venice was elected, and they continued to govern the city for eleven centuries ; but in 1797, the nobles prostrated themselves before Buona-parte, and proclaimed the Republic to be no longer in existence. The Austrians now rule there.

The Doge's palace greatly interested the travellers. It contains many valuable and beautiful pictures, and amongst them, in the principal hall, are the likenesses of all the Doges, excepting one. There is the frame in its right place, but a black handkerchief is all that is painted on the canvass, the Doge Faliero, who ought to have been there, having been beheaded. After examining several splendid rooms, they ascended to the prisons under the roof, miserable enough they were, and when their guide told them other prisons underneath the palace were worse, as they should pre-

sently see, Harry turned to his papa in amazement, and said,

"A palace! and with prisons above and below it—what would our Queen say to such a thing! Why, papa, the republic of Venice must have been very cruel!"

"Yes, my boy, power, despotic power I mean, is a most dangerous thing for a man to be intrusted with. No government so good as our own—King, Lords, and Commons."


In descending the magnificent staircase of the palace, down which the head of Faliero is said to have rolled, the lions' mouths were pointed out to them. Any spy might there slip in a piece of paper to record an unguarded word of some poor citizen, and likely enough the next hour would find him imprisoned, and no trace of him would ever be heard of afterwards.

They visited the small damp underground cells. No day-light was admitted, and so little air that it was difficult to breathe, and made our travellers hasten out. The man pointed to the door leading to the "Bridge of Sighs," which Harry had noticed built over a side canal, uniting this palace with an adjoining prison. No one ever passing over the bridge returned alive, so it is well named. He also showed them another small door, opening on the side canal, through which bodies of pri-

soners, dead or alive, were thrust into a boat, and then thrown into the water, in the darkness of night, two miles off. On this spot, (the watery grave of hundreds,) no boatman was allowed to fish, under a heavy penalty.

After returning to their gondola, which was waiting for them at the steps of St. Marco, our party quite enjoyed to glide over the free calm waters of the Adriatic, determining to forget the prisons, with their scenes of horror fancy had pictured, trying rather to recall the scene when the gay vessels, all decked in their brightest colours, and the Doge in his state barge, according to the annual custom, dropped the ring into the blue salt sea, to commemorate its marriage with its beautiful bride, fair Venice. And then, as our travellers neared the grand canal, they pictured the state barge, with its seven brides, as they were rowed through the city, the admiration and pride of thousands who gazed upon such youth and beauty. Mr. Vernon read to them the poet Roger's description of the scene.

After passing under the famous bridge, the Rialto, they landed, and walked over it. There are shops on each side, built over its whole length, and a succession of steps form the narrow causeway. It leads to the island Rialto, where



the best shops are for the famous Venetian gold chains. Mr. Vernon bought one for his wife, the links were very small, but the length of the chain so great, it was worn three times round the neck, and the gold is very pure.

Mr. Vernon reminded Harry, as they walked along the narrow passages of the island, that it was on this spot a few fishermen first built their huts, which led by degrees to the foundation of Venice.

"But who came here after these fishermen, papa?" said Harry.

"It is generally believed," replied Mr. Vernon, "that the Venetians are descended from a people who after the destruction of Troy, led by Antenor, colonized near Padua, and then, to be more independent still, made some of these islands their home. Little did the fishermen think of the mighty results that would follow, as they here built their huts. A city of palaces rising in the sea, and a sturdy republic, that should bid defiance to the powers of Europe, though now she has indeed fallen, and Austria holds over her an iron rule."

"But," Mrs. Vernon replied, "they are almost better off now than under the tyranny of their Doges, though I suppose the commerce and


wealth of the city have nearly departed. It was strange that a Doge, as chief magistrate, should have had such power."

As they rowed home, some of the beautiful palaces had clothes hung out to dry at all the upper windows, plainly showing that many of the poor of Venice were now inhabiting the rooms of princes, and that those princes were princes no longer.

As Mr. Vernon wished to see the Arsenal, they rowed there the next day. The gateway was erected in 1460, after the plan of a Roman triumphal arch. Near this entrance are four famous lions, memorials of the conquests of Venice; one was brought from Corinth, two from Athens, and the fourth used once to stand at the entrance of the Piræus, the noble harbour of Athens, part of which harbour was built by Themistocles, and the rest by Pericles. Harry looked at this lion with deep interest. On its shoulder and back were many ancient inscriptions.

The armoury was once rich in treasures, but it was so pillaged by the French, that its chief ones are gone. The celebrated Bucentoro, the vessel from which the Doge used to throw the ring Harry had been hearing about, used to be kept in the docks here, but it was burnt by the French.

A press full of horrible instruments of torture



our party did not long remain to examine. One thing the guide pointed out, a kind of spring pistol, in the shape of a key, with which a very wicked tyrant, named Francisco, who lived at Padua, used to kill any persons he suspected, by shooting poisoned needles at them.

On their way back to the hotel, they landed as usual at the steps of St. Marco ; there was always some purchase to be made, or something to be seen there.

The cathedral is a fine building, but the pavement of the floor so uneven from inundations of the sea, and earthquakes as well, that it was unpleasant to walk on it.

In the evening Mr. Vernon had some letters to send to the post, so he turned to Harry, saying, "I very much suspect, my boy, that as this is your last evening in Venice, you would like an evening row, and by yourself too ! So as our gondolier is a most careful fellow, you shall go alone, if you like to trust yourself under his guidance, to the post-office."

"Capital, papa !" cried Harry. "I shall lie down in my gondola, and let him take me where he likes."

As Harry stepped into the elegant boat, its lamp brightly burning, he felt quite a man, and very happy indeed. On his return he had plenty

to tell his papa and mamma. First, of a gentleman playing on a guitar, standing under a balcony filled with flowers ; “ But mamma,” he added, “ I saw no lady there, though there must have been one, I am sure ; and then further on, dear mamma, I saw a gondola shoot so quickly out of a side canal, that the head of it ran quite through the black awning of another, and very nearly chopped off an old gentleman’s nose. He was very angry, and took the man off in his boat to be punished by the magistrates, or some one or other, and then on we went again. Oh, mamma, I shall be exceedingly sorry to leave Venice.”

“ And so will each of us be, my boy,” Mrs. Vernon replied ; “ but other pleasures are waiting for us elsewhere. Good night, off with you.”

They crossed the shallow sea the next morning, and a short railroad journey brought them back again to Padua. Their hotel was just opposite the cathedral, and after ordering dinner, Mrs. Vernon proposed a visit to it. The exterior is very curious and ugly. Seven large domes, and three minarets on the roof, look as if they would break it through. Before entering, Mr. Vernon told Harry the church is dedicated to St. Antonio. The interior is very gaily ornamented ; the shrine of the saint appeared quite a blaze of gold and silver, with numbers of candles burning day and

night. Two solid gold lamps were there, and candelabra, borne by angels, sending forth flames which burn before the tomb. St. Anthony lived at Padua. His tongue is the principal relic, and performs wonderful miracles. Bonaventura, who was also himself made a saint by the Romanists, wept, and prayed over, and kissed this withered tongue, praising God for the good it had done.

Harry felt quite disgusted on hearing this. His papa pointed out a picture to him near the tomb of this famous saint, Antonio preaching to the fishes ; there they all were, with their heads out of water, and their mouths open, appearing to be a very attentive congregation, the saint was standing on the shore.

The Romanists pretend this is quite true, and many other miracles declared to have been done by him, are even more absurd. He is said to have compelled the devil to follow him for ever in the form of a pig.

While our travellers were looking at the church, numbers of people came in, and the service began. Several priests commenced walking briskly about the aisles and choir, bearing some casket in their hands, covered with beautiful silk, at last one man walked alone, preceded by a boy in a white gown, and followed by numbers of poor people. No prayers were being said, no sermon preached, but

all the congregation seemed moving about, puzzling Harry not a little. All bowed, and crossed themselves as they passed the shrine of St. Antonio; dogs were walking about too, and the organ played tremendously. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon remained twenty minutes, and as the scene kept on just the same, they left, quite sad at heart to see such heathenish nonsense.

"How strange it seems," said Mr. Vernon, "that Padua, once the seat of great learning, should tolerate such errors in religion. The first paper mills introduced into Europe, were established here."

"Were they indeed, papa," said Harry; "by whom?"

"By Alfonzo, king of Castile, at the end of the thirteenth century; the invention passed from Spain to Padua, and here the mills were first worked. Paper-making was originally brought from China by an Arabian, A. D. 706. How long the Chinese had possessed the art, I know not."

"We shall here, my boy," he added, "bid farewell to the interesting associations connected with Galileo. I was reading the other day, that he was at this place and Venice for seventeen years, and used to publish his discoveries, in a little pamphlet, entitled, 'Intelligence from the Stars.'"

"How I should like to have taken it in," said Harry.

"No doubt you would," replied his father, "and have wondered not a little to hear for the first time of mountains in the moon. However, his discovery of the earth's motion so enraged the wise people at Rome, that he was sent for to appear at the tribunal of the Inquisition. After threats, &c., he promised one of the cardinals not to teach this new theory, but knowing it was perfectly demonstrated, and being worried by the ignorance of his judges, he rose, stamped on the ground, and said, 'It has moved ever since.' So he had to taste the enjoyments of prison life, and at last died, as you know, at that villa we visited near Florence, still a prisoner of the Inquisition. The popes denied a monument to his memory till thirty years after his death, and strange to say, as if his discoveries were not to be lost, Newton, our great astronomer, was born the very year Galileo died, and other eminent men in Italy followed out his theories."

"How singular it was," said Mrs. Vernon, "Galileo and Milton should both become blind? Do you suppose Galileo was so at the time of Milton's visit to him?"

"I should think not," replied Mr. Vernon. "Milton was at Florence in 1637, and Galileo

did not die till 1642, so he had been two years only in his villa near Florence, but he may have been blind, and then with what feelings of sympathy must our poet have remembered, years afterwards, his late friend's affliction ; as he composed that beautiful sonnet on his own blindness !"

"What a great trial," added Harry, "it must have been to Galileo to be blind, when his eyes had found out such wonders. But still, he had more to remember and think about than other men, when he *was* blind."

"Yes, he had indeed," replied Mr. Vernon ; "he began to *think* very early in life. He was born at Pisa, and was quite young when he watched the movement of that lamp suspended from the ceiling of the cathedral. You remember watching it too, do you not, my boy ?"

"Oh yes, papa ! how much we shall have to remember, and think of, and talk over, about Italy, all our life long !"

The next morning, before starting, they visited the famous Hall of Padua ; the roof is said to be the largest unsupported by pillars in the world. There are a great many paintings inside, and at one end of it is a monument to Livy, who lived for a long time in the city, and was born near it. Harry was much interested in a statue of Belzoni, in his Turkish dress. It is placed on one side of

the hall, between two ancient Egyptian statues, which he presented with great pride to this, his native city.

"What is this immense horse put in the middle of the hall for, papa?" asked Harry.

Mr. Vernon questioned the man in attendance, who said it was the wonderful Trojan horse. Mr. Vernon smiled, as he told Harry he did not think that a wooden horse could have lasted so very long a time. "But," he added, "the Paduans are very proud of their city's founder, Antenor. You remember, Harry, I told you he and many with him, settled here after the Trojan war. You will feel double interest in your classical studies when you return home from this visit to Italy, and Homer's account of Antenor will much interest you, I know."

In one of the streets of Padua a large marble sarcophagus is shown, which, when opened, contained an immense skeleton, grasping a sword in its bony hand. This excited great notice amongst learned men, and is by some said to be the tomb of Antenor. A great many ancient medals were found near the tomb, but nothing really certain is known about it.

Padua is a gloomy place, but the peasant girls and women enlivened it, for the love of flowers seemed quite universal, and they generally had

some in their well braided hair, and with the green or gaily painted fan in the hand, which all the women of Italy carry in hot weather, the people had a smart look, and brightened up the old streets. Baskets of melons and other fruits were for sale, and as the heat was extreme, our travellers provided themselves with a good supply for the journey the next day.

Before starting, Harry busily watered the large pot of flowers outside the front of the carriage window. This seemed quite to amuse the many children loitering about, and they exclaimed, pointing to the flowers, "*Il piccolo giardino*," "The little garden." They left Padua, and after a hot journey, arrived in the evening at Verona, so famous for its Roman Amphitheatre. By a statute of the town it is kept in perfect repair; so the stone seats and arena are entire, and though this Amphitheatre is not nearly so large as the Coliseum at Rome, it held twenty-two thousand people.

Our travellers lingered in it till night came on, and as they left the dark mysterious galleries, catching sight, now and then, through the openings, to the seats of the gloomy arena, Harry turned to his mamma, and said, "How shocking the gladiatorial combats must have been in these theatres. That beautiful statue at Rome of the

dying gladiator, makes me think more of the cruelty of such games. Does it not you, mamma?"

Mrs. Vernon—"Yes, it does indeed Harry; how wonderful that ladies could go to see these horrible fights! You remember if one of the gladiators surrendered, his life was not always given him; but if the audience bent back the thumb, the other gladiator had to kill him, and then receive the palm branch of victory!"

The following morning breakfast was ordered at four o'clock, and by half-past our travellers had started, as they had proved the day before the fatigue of travelling along flat sunny roads in the middle of the day.


Hundreds and thousands of brown lizards were to be seen basking in the sun along the roads, and often amused Harry as they ran off in haste at the sound of the carriage. The beautiful Lake, called in Italian, Lago di Garda, delighted them on that day's journey. Our travellers had never seen such a splendid lake before, and remained some time on its shores, admiring the mountains round, and their beautiful blue tints. Mr. Vernon took a sketch of it in coloured chalks, so lovely a one, that in the evening, when they arrived at Brescia, and he had finished it off, Mrs. Vernon assured him it was so beautiful, he must have intended it

for her, and though she might allow him to copy it, still it must be hers, and she should have it framed to hang up in her own room at home.

The road the next day was much the same as on the two former ones, through flat and well cultivated land, with vineyards for miles together; the boughs festooned from one tree to another, looking as if they were all linked together, hand in hand, for a general dance.

Our travellers reached the Hotel de Ville, at Milan, in time for the table d'hôte, at five o'clock, and as usual Harry found it most amusing to dine with nearly sixty strangers; English, French, and Italian being heard on each side of him. Ice was most plentiful at the table, and many a piece found its way into Harry's tumbler of water, almost making his teeth ache as he drank it.

After dinner Harry felt quite impatient for a walk; but as his papa assured him a rest was needful first, especially for his mamma, he sat himself at the window which was at the back of the hotel, and had a long look at the beautiful cathedral. It is built of pure white marble, and behind it and above it was the deep blue sky; the many hundred pinnacles and statues, glittered in the sunshine like silver, and the longer Harry looked at it, the greater his wish became to pay it a visit; but his papa was reading the news-



paper, and Mrs. Vernon lying on the sofa, with her eyes shut, as Harry greatly suspected, having a little nap ; so, as usual, he discovered the bright side of this waiting time, and thought to himself, " It is very hot still, so half an hour hence it will be cooler, and mamma will enjoy her walk twice as much after this rest."

As they passed through the wide and bustling street without any causeway, and looked up at the houses with their finely coloured balconies, the striped and gaily coloured awnings to the shops, yellow and purple being the predominant colours, the women too with their light black lace veils over their shining hair, Harry was greatly charmed with the scene. Presently they entered the piazza or square, on one side of which is the cathedral ; he and Mr. and Mrs. Vernon felt that this building far exceeded in beauty any church they had seen in Italy. They ascended the flight of steps to it and entered. The painted windows, which are of matchless beauty, threw a subdued and solemn light over every part of the lofty and beautiful building ; as they stood and looked again and again at the beauties round them, Mrs. Vernon took Harry's hand and said, " What a fitting temple this looks, my dearest boy, for the worship of the God of heaven ! and how often have we enjoyed on a Saturday evening at


home to worship God, in another temple, our own beautiful Minster. *There* the word of God, and simple and heart-thrilling prayers to Him, were what we heard and joined in; the God of our salvation was praised! Here his word is seldom heard, the priests pray and praise in an unknown tongue to the people, and instead of preaching salvation alone in Christ, there is the Virgin Mary of their salvation, the saints of their salvation, the penances and meritorious acts, as they think, of their salvation. Christ is abased and man is exalted! with us, let us ever remember Christ shall be more and more exalted, and man abased!"

Harry did not say much in reply; but as he gave a hearty squeeze to his mamma's hand, and looked into her gentle earnest face, beaming with love for him, a strong hope came into his heart, that some day he should love, and serve, and honour Jesus, as his beloved mother did.

Near the altar, Mr. Vernon noticed a bright light; they walked up to it, and looked down into the splendid tomb of St. Carlo Borromeo. The sacristan came up to them, and after paying the sum demanded, they entered the subterranean chamber, the walls of which are entirely covered with silver tablets in alto relievo, representing the good deeds of the saint. Extra lamps were needed to show off all the jewels, and silver, and gold, so

the man lit several, and our travellers were surrounded by glitter.

The man turned a windlass, and the front being lowered, the corpse was displayed in its shrine, seen through panes of rock crystal. It is dressed in the splendid robes of a cardinal archbishop, the mitre and crown, studded with jewels; rings and other magnificent ornaments, amongst them, a diamond and emerald cross, shone and sparkled in every direction; and there lay the brown and shrivelled remains of one whose favourite motto was "Humilitas;" this word is written in golden letters on different parts of the tomb. A miserable contrast was there seen of man's decay and the glitter of earth! It was a painful and horrible sight, and seemed so to profane the sacredness of death, that our travellers hastened out of the tomb. After returning to the hotel, Mr. Vernon said to Harry, in a reply to a remark of his that he could not forget that tomb, "Nor can I, my boy; Carlo Borromeo was a man very unlike most other Romanist saints, one whose life was unblameable and disinterested; so free from the superstitions of his religion, that Protestants must respect him, and remember his name, as one whose faith was far better than the creeds of his church, and whose motto 'Humilitas,' was well followed out in his life. If he could speak to the poor deluded



people who worship at his shrine, we are quite sure he would tell them all that jewelled magnificence was a mockery and dishonour to the remembrance of his name, and true to his motto, he would seek some lowly grave. He died in 1584."

There is no service for the English in Milan, but fortunately an English nobleman, with his family and chaplain, were in the hotel, and he sent word to all the visitors, that morning and afternoon service would be held in his drawing-room, open to any who might like to attend. There was quite a goodly company assembled, and the full burst of prayer, and the song of praise, ascended to God from their midst. Two simple excellent sermons were preached by the chaplain, and Mr. and Mrs. Vernon quite enjoyed their last Sunday in Italy.

Monday and Tuesday they busily explored the city—Milano la Grande, as it is well called. Nothing pleased them so much as the famous fresco painting of the Last Supper, by Leonardo de Vinci. It is well considered the finest fresco in the world.

The hall belonging to a convent in which it is painted, was appropriated to the common soldiers of Napoleon, when as king of Italy, he was crowned with all possible state in the cathedral.

When the emperor entered the room to see how

his men were provided for, this beautiful picture at once arrested him, and immediately he wrote an order in his pocket-book, for the removal of the soldiers from a place containing such a sacred and precious work of art. The colours are much faded however.

The head of our Saviour, as he sits amidst his disciples at the table, was more beautiful, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon thought, than any painting they had before seen.

They mounted to the roof of the cathedral in their next visit; each statue there and pinnacle was finished off as perfectly as possible, and the view of the country was very fine. The Alps seemed much nearer to them than at Venice, and Harry longed to be amongst them, were it not, as he said, "that then he should be leaving Italy!"

Wednesday morning came, and found our travellers on their way to Como. After reaching it, and securing good rooms in an hotel opposite the lake, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon proposed, to Harry's great joy, a row on the water at once, as it was five o'clock, for they had ascertained no boats are allowed to enter the harbour of Como after seven o'clock, so they agreed to remain out till that time.

They had often seen pictures of this lake, but as they floated over its quiet waters, discovering

fresh beauties at every turn, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon said, no picture had ever given them a correct idea of its loveliness. They felt about as full of enjoyment as it was possible to be. The boatmen pointed out the villa of Madam Pasta, who had been one of the most famous singers in Italy. They told Mr. Vernon, that if they rested on their oars for awhile, as they came opposite her house, perhaps she would sing to them. As they were doing so, admiring the terraces of her garden, reaching down to the water's edge, a chord was struck on the piano, and then came the sound of her beautiful voice, as with the most graceful politeness and delicacy of feeling, seeing her listeners were English, she sang to them, "Home, sweet home." And then, as if by way of contrast, a joyous air of her own sunny land was warbled forth, the notes so quickly succeeding each other, the shake, the trill, left her listeners almost breathless. After this, stepping into her balcony, she bowed in acknowledgment of their hearty thanks, and retired.

The boatmen looked delighted as they saw Mr. and Mrs. Vernon's, and Harry's delight, and rowed on. Music seemed so much more suitable than conversation, that again, and again, our travellers sang their favourite pieces, to the edi-

fication of the boatmen, who bowed and smiled their thanks next.

That evening, on the waters of Como, their last almost in Italy, was so very happy, that poor Harry, all he could do, he could not banish the sad thought, that a few more hours, and "farewell" would have been said to it all.

The next morning he rose quite early, and sat himself at the end of the small pier, in a very dreamy sort of reverie. After awhile, he started as he heard some one say behind him, "Sad, and at Como?" There stood his mamma, and Harry smiled as he said, "How do you know, I was sad, mamma?"

"By that tell-tale face of yours, my boy," she replied; "I, too, feel very sorry to leave Italy, for though its religion has given us much sorrow, and we must pity the people here more than we have ever pitied them before, still the country itself is indeed beautiful. Our cup of enjoyment has been overflowing, but let us determine one thing, that blessings received shall not be abused by memory. If, after this ten months of travel, our home seem dull and uninteresting, as we remember past enjoyments; if discontent and idleness creep over us, that will be the abuse of memory. Now let us hasten to breakfast; papa

will wonder where we are, and the steamboat starts at ten o'clock."

A letter was waiting for them on the table of their room, addressed to Mrs. Vernon, with the Naples' post-mark. Harry's eyes brightened as he saw it, and heard its contents.

Mrs. Ferguson wrote to say, that as Rose continued very weak and ill, her husband had determined on a visit of three months to England, and they fully hoped to be able to accept Mr. and Mrs. Vernon's kind invitation, and spend a fortnight at Belmont. She added, "Our children are delighted at the prospect, and Edith begs me to say, her castle-in-the-air will now be really built; and that she, and Rose, and Donald, were writing letters to Harry, which would be sent to England, as they felt uncertain about his receiving them at Como (for Mrs. Ferguson had written at a venture). They expected to arrive at Belmont in August."

Harry's sadness all vanished as they steamed down the lake. Italy looked more beautiful than ever, but then England, was lovely too! and York Minster, he had almost forgotten *that* last night, and their own happy home, he wondered he had not been more delighted to go back to it! No place like home after all, and as they passed Madam Pasta's villa, he seemed to catch the echo

of the sounds again, "Home, sweet home." Many more such thoughts passed through his mind, till they came to a turn in the lake, which opened to them such a view of the Alps, that the past and future all seemed lost in the present. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon had been noticing one lovely villa after another, on either side of the lake, for man has lavished his money, and taste, and skill, to add to the beauty of the scene, by all that he can effect, and Mrs. Vernon had fancied, that first one, and then another villa, would be a delightful home for them some happy summer, pointing them out to her husband with great zeal, when, all at once, *they*, like their boy, were charmed beyond all that words could express, with these mighty mountain tops, their covering of snow glittering in the sunshine!

Our travellers stood at the head of the vessel, almost forgetting how time went, and to their surprise, the steamboat was steered to a small pier, boxes began to be handed off, the passengers left, and though they had not reached the end of the lake, this they found was the place for all to disembark, called Colico.


Their carriage had travelled with them on the boat, and after a little delay, they posted to Chiavenna, their last sleeping-place in Italy, and just at the foot of the Alps. Their delicious

voyage down the sunny, cheerful lake, had come to an end. Harry was sorry to find that he had missed, in his long reverie, the Villa Pliniana, which had been pointed out to Mr. Vernon, as the site of the one occupied by Pliny the Younger, for Como was his birth-place, and favourite home. In the evening they walked about the town, and a little way out of it, to watch the sunset reflected on the mountains. It was a scene of wonderful beauty, and Harry went to bed that night with a head aching from enjoyment.

A hard day's work was before them, so they rose the next morning very early, and were off to climb the Alps, over the Splugen Pass. This is one of the oldest of the Alpine roads. Cornelius Scipio, and then the Emperor Augustus, both improved and repaired it.

The white mulberry tree, on which the silkworms feed, were much cultivated in this neighbourhood, and whole houses were appropriated to these silkworms, and taken care of most patiently, for the people depend much on the money the silk produces.

Harry had hoped to reach the top of some mountain, and look over Italy for miles and miles, thus taking his farewell in proper fashion, but he soon found that the road winds in amongst the Alps, and no very distant view can be ob-



tained. Part of the road looked very desolate, from the mountain torrents having burst through some new way for themselves, bringing stones and rubbish many feet thick through fields of corn or vineyards.

Presently, on the face of a mountain four thousand feet high, they saw zigzag lines traced out one above another, this was their road. Two more horses were harnessed to their four, and slowly the carriage was dragged up this tremendous height. The scene became more and more grand and awful; each of the party seemed to feel their nothingness, they seemed the veriest pigmies, in the midst of mountain heights, such as they had never imagined before! and then a mighty sound was heard! another zigzag turned, and a magnificent waterfall perfectly astonished them!

There, in one unbroken leap of eight hundred feet, the Medissima, a river having its source in eternal snow, comes bounding over the precipice, as if true to its mountain birth-place, it disdained a lower leap, or any help by the way, in the hurry of its waters to the sunny South. Harry felt at last quite bewildered, almost overwhelmed, by the magnificence around him; he could not understand it. It was quite a relief that his mamma asked him to gather some flowers; he then

jumped into the carriage to examine their delicate beauties with her, particularly three different varieties of the gentian, with their flowers of the deepest blue. Cloaks, and shawls, and coats, were soon needed, for the snow lay thick by the road-side, though even there the flowers blossomed just by its very edge. Waterfalls in all directions were rushing down. Several came out of snow, falling into it below, and as our travellers looked upward, there rose the mountain tops, looking as high above them as ever, piercing the very sky! They passed the Austrian Custom House, and by paying a fee, were not long detained to have their boxes searched, and after still ascending many a mile, the little hotel at the village of Splügen was gained, and there they slept, seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. A bright fire of logs of wood cheered and comforted them, for it was very cold and winterly up there. They sat down to a well cooked dinner of trout, from the mountain streams, and chamois too, and a long, long talk had they afterwards about Italy.

As Mr. Vernon said good night to his boy, he begged him, in the most kind affectionate manner, often to pray, that God would help and pity Italy, and send the light of his Holy Spirit there, teaching them, there is no other name given amongst

men, whereby they can be saved, but Christ Jesus.

"But, papa," said Harry, "does it not seem too much to pray for, that such a superstitious ignorant country as this should become Protestant?"

"Oh no, Harry," replied Mr. Vernon, "with God all things are possible; if the Bible be generally read amongst the people, and if God will give it his blessing, Romanism must fall. 'Thy kingdom come,' is a petition you repeat night and morning, in that prayer of our Lord's own teaching, which he has bidden us when we pray to use. So let us, my boy, now that we have left beautiful Italy, determine that our tour shall not be in vain, but from gratitude, for such special enjoyment received there, pray, ever pray, for God's blessing on the land."

The next morning, soon after starting, Harry, had he needed reminding they were out of Italy, had full proof of it, the wheel was dragged, and for the whole day they descended, and entered Switzerland down a succession of zigzags.

The road was magnificent through the Via Mala, bridges spanned the most frightful chasms. From a glacier in the distance the Rhine has its birth, and a very giant it is even from its source, and comes foaming and roaring through the

ravine, over which many a time our travellers' road was carried.

More and more were Mr. and Mrs. Vernon astonished at the wonderful works of God, and very comforting was it to them, as they remembered, His name is called "Wonderful—the mighty God," that still they knew and felt Him to be the "Prince of Peace."

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